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The Shape of Things

BY ITS ENVELOPING MOVEMENT AROUND Kharkov the Red Army has seized the initiative in the opening round of the 1942 Battle of Russia. Although it is not easy to follow the course of the fighting from the meager Russian communiqués, Marshal Timoshenko appears to have adopted the favorite German strategy of driving wedges into the enemy lines with the immediate objective of forcing evacuation of Kharkov, which the Reichswehr fortified strongly during the winter. If this aim is achieved, the Russians will regain control of the vital network of railroads which center in this city and will imperil the whole system of German communications with the Crimea and the eastern Ukraine. Thus the local and as yet incomplete success of the German-Rumanian forces at Kerch would be nullified. The Germans have acknowledged both the importance of the Kharkov battle and the strength of the Russian drive by throwing in large tank forces, but Moscow claims that all counter-attacks have been repulsed. On the rest of the vast Russian front comparative inactivity continues, but it can hardly be long before the huge opposing armies clash all along the line. Last summer Hitler was able to push forward in Russia with little concern for his rear in Western Europe. This year he cannot neglect the menacing possibility of a United Nations invasion—a possibility which looms larger with the arrival of new and fully equipped American contingents in Northern Ireland. When and where the blow will fall is information Berlin would dearly love to receive. For the present we must content ourselves with Sir Stafford Cripps's assurance that "the time is at hand when we must prepare ourselves to take the offensive in the decisive stages of the war."

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AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMEN WHO HAVE BEEN interned in Germany and are now being repatriated have cabled from Lisbon much detailed information of conditions in the Third Reich as it braces itself for a supreme effort to conquer Russia. Their reports tend to confirm the findings of Fritz Sternberg, who in an article on page 595 analyzes the causes of the increasing economic strain to which Germany is being subjected. A reduction in rations, shortage of clothing, and the suppression of

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the last amenities of life have served to depress the Germans and to warn them that the third year of this war may prove uncomfortably similar to 1917, when every victory only served to bring defeat nearer. A correspondent of the New York *Times* writing from Stockholm points out that in 1940 the Nazi propaganda slogan was "We have won." In 1941 it changed to "We will win"; and now there is yet a third—"We must win." There have been two major causes for this new mood with its undertones of desperation—the entry of America into the war and the toll of the Russian winter campaign. Louis P. Lochner, former Associated Press correspondent in Berlin, declares that the Germans were dumbfounded when Hitler, reversing his previous political strategy, declared war on the United States. They are not impressed by the constant propaganda efforts to depreciate America's capacity to wage war. They know what happened last time, and they have a shivering respect for American resources and mechanical skill. But if the Germans are gloomy they are not defeated, nor are they ripe for revolt, as the returning correspondents do well to remind us. The economic squeeze from which they are now suffering may already be reducing fighting efficiency. But only a resounding defeat of the still immensely strong Reichswehr can bring about a collapse.

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EVEN IN ITALY, WHERE CONDITIONS ARE FAR more desperate and where the whole population is deeply conscious of the fact that Italy has lost the war no matter what its outcome, there is no sign of general revolt, according to returning correspondents. The foundations of fascism have been almost eaten away by the corruption and inefficiency of the Fascists, but the building is being shored up by the German army and police, and until they are forced to withdraw, its final disintegration is likely to be postponed. Herbert L. Matthews reports that the Germans are everywhere in Italy. They make no effort to hide their contempt for the Italians, and the Italians repay them with intense hatred. The wealth piled up by the party big-wigs and the industrialists, who have always cooperated with the regime, is a further cause of bitterness. Mussolini, Mr. Matthews reports, is less hated than despised as a fool who made a bad guess when he jumped into the war. Even his "victory" over France has turned out to be hollow, for it is clear that his boss Hitler has no intention of disturbing Vichy by awarding Italy the prizes of Corsica, Tunisia, and Nice.

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NEWS FROM THE BURMA FRONT IS STILL confused. But although the Chinese continue to hold up the Japanese advance in certain sectors, it is evident that the enemy has succeeded in consolidating his hold over the greater part of the country as well as over most of the strategic centers on the Chinese side of the border. Now that the British have completely evacuated Burma, correspondents attached to their forces have been permitted to send dispatches explaining the defeat. They attribute the disaster chiefly to the refusal of the Colonial Government to permit the Chinese to enter Burma until the fate of Rangoon was sealed. Other factors were the failure to send air reinforcements until the Japanese had completely gained the upper hand, the diversion of two Australian divisions intended for Burma to Australia, and panic among the native population. It is possible that the lack of air support was due to conditions which could not be remedied. But mismanagement clearly underlay the other factors contributing to the defeat. The Chinese were not admitted because an unfavorable reaction from the Burmese was feared. Yet there is no evidence that the Burmese population actually resented the Chinese when they did come. As in Malaya, Britain's errors were those of an unregenerate colonial power. No effort was made to mobilize the Burmese for their own defense, or apparently even to train them in air-raid precautions. Unfortunately it is the Chinese, who bear no blame for the disaster, who must pay the heaviest price for the loss of Burma.

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NEWS FROM THE SHIPPING FRONT WAS GOOD this past week. Shipbuilding from January 1 to May 10 was fully up to schedule, according to a report submitted to the President by Admiral Land, war-shipping chief. The United States, Admiral Land declares, has been building ships "faster than ever before in the history of the world." But although it looks as if the President's seemingly impossible quota of 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping would be reached this year, recent sinkings have been so heavy that this will not be enough. So far this year 191 United Nations merchant vessels have been sunk, while only 120 new vessels have been put into service in this country. And if offensives are to be developed in Europe and the Pacific, the need for ships will be greatly increased. As if in answer to the need, the Maritime Commission has announced that on Friday, May 22, National Maritime Day, thirty new ships will be launched, making a total of fifty this month. A further optimistic note is added by the agreement that has just been reached at the National Shipbuilding Stabilization Conference fixing the basic wage for skilled mechanics in the shipyards of the entire country at $1.20 an hour, an increase of 7 per cent over the previous wage. This will eliminate threatened difficulties due to wage differentials. The workers not only accepted what, in many cases, was a smaller wage increase than was provided in their union contracts, but agreed to take the increase in war bonds. May we suggest that the owners of the shipyards, who are known to be making good profits, take a hint from their workers and agree to invest all earnings above a fixed minimum in bonds?

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HOW ACTING PRESIDENT CASTILLO OF Argentina is carrying out his program of "neutrality" has been freshly demonstrated through information from Buenos Aires about the recent activities of the Argentine Nationalist Party. Like the puppet statesmen of Europe, Señor Castillo undoubtedly thought that solemn assurances of non-partisanship in the conflict, followed by a few amiable concessions to the United Nations in questions of minor importance, were sufficient to cover a pro-Axis policy. But if there was still anybody who felt tempted to trust the Argentine "Gauleiter" when last December he proclaimed, always in the name of neutrality, a state of siege, his unscrupulous behavior during the March elections could not deceive the silliest appeaser. While the Radical and Socialist candidates were not permitted, under the emergency decrees, to make the slightest reference to foreign policy, the Argentine Nationalist Party indulged in scandalous and open agitation in favor of the Axis powers. It was not surprising, therefore, once the elections were over, to see the Nationalists, whom the Congressional Committee of Investigation had denounced as a Nazi organization, become the masters of the streets. Their meetings and demonstrations and the Hitlerite performances of their leader, Manuel Fresco, the powerful former Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires, have all the flavor of the days that, in Europe, preceded the coming to power of fascist regimes.

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ODELL WALLER IS A NEGRO SHARE-CROPPER of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, who shot his landlord after an argument over the division of crops. Although Waller pleaded that he had acted in self-defense, he was found guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced to death. The evidence surrounding the shooting itself is confused and contradictory, and it is not impossible that the killing was premeditated. The fact is, however, that no recent case has served so well to highlight the evils of the poll-tax system. Charged with a crime for which he might have to die, Waller was denied the fundamental American right of trial by a jury of his peers. Since only voters are eligible for jury duty, and only those who pay the poll tax may vote, not one of the talesmen shared Waller's social and economic status. More than half of the men on the jury that was finally chosen were landlords who rented to tenants like Waller. Under the circumstances the Workers' Defense League decided that the Waller case was an excellent opportunity not only to help a man get a fair trial but also to test the constitutionality of the poll tax. Two years of litigation have brought the case to the Supreme Court, which is now for the second time being petitioned to review the evidence. Governor Darden of Virginia has humanely stayed Waller's execution until June 19 in order to give his lawyers more time. A review of the case by the court would be more than a simple act of justice to the condemned man; it would be a reassurance to the Negro population, which has been embittered by discrimination in the war effort and such episodes as the Sojourner Truth riots, that the country which asks them to fight is trying to give them a fairer deal.

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TWO "LIBERAL" PATENT DECISIONS HANDED down by the Supreme Court in the Masonite and Univis Lens cases only serve to underscore the need for enacting S 2491, the new Bone-La Follette-O'Mahoney patents bill. The court's decisions will make it difficult, if not impossible, to use patents to enforce resale prices. But the court sidestepped the government's plea that it overrule the old General Electric decision granting a limited monopoly to patent holders and chose not to decide the question of whether a patent holder had the right to suppress his patent. The Bone-La Follette-O'Mahoney bill goes much farther than the War Patents bill previously introduced by the same Senators. It is designed to prevent the use of patents to fix prices and to prevent the suppression of patents. Unfortunately, the section on suppression leaves too much discretion in the hands of the Commissioner of Patents and too many loopholes for clever lawyers. The new bill is an improvement on the old one, but what we still need is a measure for compulsory licensing of all patents at reasonable royalty rates to be determined by an administrative body. Nothing less will end the evils of patent monopolies.

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WOMEN WILL BE TAKEN INTO THE ARMY for the first time in history as a result of the passage of Representative Edith Nourse Rogers's bill setting up a Women's Auxiliary Army Corps of 150,000 volunteers. The first step in the organization of the corps was taken with the appointment of Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby as director, with the rank of major. For the moment it is intended that the women shall perform only such noncombatant services as typing, cooking, baking, and clerical work, but it is probable that the range of these activities will be constantly expanded. In Britain women are serving in ground crews for the R. A. F. and, in some instances, are actually operating anti-aircraft guns. In Russia and China women are performing technical duties close to the front. The WAAC is a start in the right direction, but it is evident that we shall have to make far greater use of women before we can even begin to talk of total warfare. Registration of women is being violently opposed by certain church groups as endangering the "sanctity of the American home." Yet it is certain that an Axis victory would destroy all that is most worth conserving in American life—including the home.

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The Rationing Muddle

IN CONTRAST to sugar rationing, gasoline rationing in the Eastern states has not been accepted gracefully by the general public. But it is folly to accuse the man on the street of lack of patriotism or failure to recognize the seriousness of the war because he is disgruntled by the way the gasoline shortage has been handled. If he feels there is something wrong with the rationing scheme, it is probably because the plan has been badly worked out or because the government has done a bad job of popular education.

As a matter of fact, in both these respects the job was bungled in Washington. Even government officials who are responsible for the system adopted admit that serious and needless mistakes have been made. The bungling started last summer when a temporary shortage in transport facilities was exaggerated, and the public, instead of receiving full information and being asked to cooperate, was lectured on the enormity of "jackrabbit starting." This approach caused resentment, which grew when it became clear that the shortage could have been minimized by the mobilization of tank cars. Then came the conflicting stories this spring regarding the severity of the proposed rationing system. This time Secretary Ickes gave a relatively optimistic picture of the gasoline situation, while an unnamed OPA spokesman frightened people by intimating that everyone would have to get along on two and one-half gallons a week.

Thus the gasoline rationing program had two strikes called against it before it was announced. But as it proved to be more liberal than people had expected, it might have been accepted without difficulty if it had not contained several serious technical weaknesses. The most important of these was the failure to put gasoline use clearly on a need basis. People were not asked whether they *had to* use their car in going to work or whether they *had to* use their car in business, but whether they *did* use their car for these purposes. The result was confusion mixed with a considerable amount of bitterness. Many persons who accepted A cards because they did not have to use their cars for business were bitter when they found that some of their neighbors, who could equally well switch to other forms of transportation, had asked for and received B or even X cards. Feeling was particularly bitter in the country because no gasoline was allowed to enable a family to make a weekly or semi-weekly shopping trip, though it might be allowed to obtain feed for cattle or chickens.

Some of these difficulties could have been avoided if the OPA had sent out more precise instructions; others, if car owners had been compelled to prove need before obtaining a B or X card. Even now it is probable that much unnecessary use of cars could be prevented by a public listing of all holders of B and X cards, as suggested by the President, coupled with action compelling all cars to carry a letter on their windshields showing the ration classification of their owners. This would bring public opinion to bear on offenders, and the presence of a car with an X or a B at a seashore resort or sporting event could then automatically become a matter for investigation.

Another serious technical weakness in the scheme may be found in the failure to provide any check on the gasoline dealer. As the plan stands, there is no way of knowing definitely whether a gasoline dealer is actually limiting his sales to the three gallons per unit specified by the OPA. Each filling station is limited in the amount of gasoline that it may obtain, but there is no real check on the dealer who fills up the tanks of favored customers. In contrast, the dealer in sugar must deliver coupons for every pound of sugar he gets from the wholesaler, and the wholesaler must produce coupons in getting his supplies from the refiner. There is also reason to question the advisability of allowing the unrestricted purchase of gasoline after rationing had been announced. Fortunately, gasoline is difficult to hoard, but even so a considerable number of people appear to have filled all their available containers in the week before May 15. Hoarding cannot be stopped either by OPA injunctions or by calling it unpatriotic. It can best be circumvented by clamping down restrictions without advance notice.

The worst aspect of the gasoline muddle is its effect on the whole rationing and price-control program. The public has been unnecessarily antagonized, and it is in no mood to accept further restrictions even though these are very much in the interest of the ordinary man. Little effort has been made to tell the average person in simple comprehensible language the reasons why rationing is necessary, or why it has been done in the way that it has. He has not been told why, for example, rationing is necessary in the Eastern states and not in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Above all, he has not been made to feel that in inaugurating a rationing program the government is acting in his interest as an ordinary consumer.

This, of course, is a failure in public relations and a serious one. The root of the difficulty is a misconception of rationing that lies deep in popular thinking. We did not have rationing in this country in the last war, and most people have associated it with privation and bread lines. Actually, of course, it is intended to forestall these things. It is a device to prevent the well-to-do from hoarding unlimited amounts of scarce articles while the average person goes without. Essentially, it is democratic and fair. Everyone, rich or poor, commoner or official, is placed on the same footing. We can be very sure that if we did not have a system of rationing for tires, gasoline, and sugar the public would very soon be demanding it. But this is precisely where the OPA has blun-

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dered. It has not given the public a chance to demand rationing because it has not told it the facts or permitted it to experience, even mildly, the results of scarcity where there is no rationing.

The President himself is partially responsible for this mistake in emphasis. His latest fireside talk was skilfully designed to kindle the fires of patriotism in the American people and to prepare them for sacrifices. But in listing rationing along with higher taxes, stabilization of wages, and sacrificial bond-buying as part of a seven-point program for controlling inflation, the public was given the impression that rationing was simply another hardship that would have to be borne stoically. Similarly, price control—designed solely to protect consumers against the hardships of inflation—was received as if it were something to be endured for the sake of the boys abroad. This interpretation has been encouraged by the anti-Roosevelt press; but Mr. Roosevelt failed to counter it with the skill that is at his command.

Undoubtedly, the public must be prepared to accept sacrifices for the sake of the war effort. These sacrifices will probably be greater than any but a few anticipate at this time. But no great campaign is necessary to prepare people to accept these hardships. By and large, they will accept anything asked of them if they are sure of two points: (1) that it is necessary; (2) that they are not being called upon to make larger sacrifices than their neighbors. The gasoline program has been mismanaged on both counts. Fortunately, it is a temporary program designed only to last to July 1. The six weeks remaining before the creation of a permanent system should allow ample time to remedy the defects and to permit a really good job to be done in telling the public why these drastic steps are being taken. The success of the war effort, in so far as it is dependent on morale, rests to a considerable extent on the skill with which government handles these two tasks.

"Post-War" Planning—Dollar-a-Year Style

WE ARE beginning to pay a heavy price for leaving the mobilization of industry in the hands of business men. In a series of behind-the-scenes decisions the War Production Board has abandoned or curtailed one plan after another for the expansion of industrial capacity. Because we lack the steel to build new steel plants, plans to expand steel capacity by some 15,000,000 tons have been reduced to less than 5,000,000. The new policy is to sacrifice expansion of facilities for making both materials and arms to the immediate need for more steel and copper and other metals to meet the President's huge production quotas for planes, ships, and tanks. The new policy is the fruit of necessity, not strategy, and may mean even greater shortages in 1944 and 1945. But it will please the steel and machine-tool industries, both of which have fought expansion as a menace to monopolistic combinations and "stable prices."

The successful rear-guard action fought by the steel interests against expansion makes it more necessary than ever to put the mobilization of industry in independent hands. Rationalization of the steel industry along the lines of the Murray plan would increase ultimate output. The copper industry is still operating at far less than capacity, and labor's suggestions for increasing its production are still being ignored. In the durable-goods industries drastic reorganization of the WPB's structure is even more necessary. For if we are to build no more new plants for planes and tanks and fewer new ways for ships, it is all the more essential to have complete conversion of civilian durable-goods facilities, to spread orders to small business, and to use new short-cut methods in production, notably in shipbuilding. Though the facts are being kept as secret as possible to shield business from criticism, insiders at the WPB are beginning to realize that conversion is far from achieved. Most of the "war goods" now coming from the automobile, radio, and other civilian industries are normal products and parts on order for the army, navy, and lease-lend.

An exception to the new policy will be plants for making synthetic rubber, explosives, and high-octane gas. Here there is need for breaking the hold of the great oil, chemical, alcohol, and rubber combines on the program in order to cut down its cost in materials and time. The petroleum process for making synthetic rubber seems to be the most roundabout and the most costly in steel and other materials; yet the RFC and the WPB are still fighting against production from alcohol to be made in turn from surplus grain. Were independent men put in charge of these programs and representatives of big business reduced to their proper role as consultants, much time and precious material could be saved. A similar shake-up and a similar new approach are needed to reorganize the railroads for war. Business-as-usual practices in railroading continue with little check, and as a result the building of unnecessary new freight cars is eating up much valuable steel plate and using railroad-equipment shops which should be at work on our lagging tank program. Railroad-equipment shops are ideally suited for tank production, but a major part of their output is still freight cars. New freight cars would be unnecessary if wasteful duplication and competition in railroad service were eliminated.

Another corollary of the new policy is to concentrate making of replacement parts for the civilian durable-goods industries in one or two plants for the duration. Here commercial rivalries and a desire to protect well-advertised brand names are obstacles to productive effi-

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ciency. The WPB has just taken its first tentative step toward concentration in the tiny domestic cook-stove industry, but in the meantime valuable materials are still being chewed up for replacement parts in automobile, radio, and other plants. Steel's opposition to expansion, like automobile and radio reluctance to embark on complete conversion, reflects industry's concern with a kind of "post-war planning." Too many business men who are more worried about their competitive position after the war than about winning the war occupy too many of the key positions on the War Production Board.

McCormick's Gas Attack

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TO BE attacked by the Chicago *Tribune* and its satellite, the Washington *Times-Herald,* is an honor; to be lied about by them is routine. When the *Tribune* calls an organization or a person Communist, one can assume that it—or he, or she—is pro-war, pro-democratic, and probably pro-Administration. So the Union for Democratic Action and the *New Republic* and the editor of *The Nation,* who share this label in a recent blast published by the *Tribune* and the *Times-Herald,* can congratulate themselves on their record and their common enemy. In a small way it is like having one's books burned by the Nazis.

The occasion of the attack was the appearance of the excellent supplement to the *New Republic* on the coming Congressional elections, prepared in the Washington office of the Union for Democratic Action. The supplement summarized the position on all major issues of the present Congress, man by man, showing clearly the obstructionism of a large proportion of the Republicans. In this summary the votes and words of those Representatives and Senators dearest to the isolationist hearts of Pattersons and McCormicks alike shone out with intense luminosity. To dim the glaring effect the *Tribune* sought to smear the organization and the journal which prepared and published the facts. The writer made the McCormick honor roll only as an official of the U. D. A. but was treated to a rather special dose of lies. The technique is one the Nazis have used from the beginning of their fight for power. It has been made familiar in this country by Mr. Dies and his henchman, Mr. Matthews. You call your opponent a Communist knowing well he is nothing of the sort. That tends to discredit him among those who know little about him and scares off persons who might otherwise be persuaded by his arguments to join his side. And by extension, the false label attached to your opponent gradually fastens itself to the man or party he supports; so when Mr. Dies calls some New Dealer a Communist, the attack is indirectly aimed at the New Deal itself and through it at the President.

The charge that *The Nation* follows the Communist line answers itself; the charge that the Union for Democratic Action or its officers have any connection with Communist or "front" organizations is categorically untrue. The question that immediately presents itself is the question raised by every similar smear. At whom or what is the Chicago *Tribune* aiming? In this case the answer is easy. The isolationists see the handwriting on the walls of next November's election booths. And the words written there echo the title of *The Nation's* series of stories about Quisling candidates: Keep Them Out! The *Tribune* isn't interested in attacking Communists, real or imaginary. It is interested in electing to Congress those Representatives and Senators—like Day and Brooks in Illinois—who can be counted upon to work for a limited, nationalist war instead of the total war to which this nation is committed, and to prepare the way for an isolationist peace. That is the policy of the Pattersons and McCormicks and of the men whose record is set down in the U. D. A. report. To pack Congress with those men is a necessity if the policy is to be translated into action. Such is the aim of the *Tribune's* gas attack.

But the lies directed by these newspapers at *The Nation* and its editor and the *New Republic* and the U. D. A. are relatively unimportant. The disturbing aspect of the attack is the inclusion of an alleged report on the U. D. A. taken from the files of the State Department. This scurrilous document is described by I. F. Stone in his Washington letter on the next page. Its publication raises a question that calls for an immediate answer from the highest officials of the department: How did this collection of false statements get into the department files, and, once there, how did it get out? Mr. Stone quotes the department's information chief as saying that "anything" might be in the files; and this of course is true. But if the report were merely the unsolicited outpouring of some crank, how did it come into the possession of a Chicago *Tribune* reporter—a man who, incidentally, has been the medium of at least one other major leak? Casual crank letters in department files are seldom, I should think, turned over to newspaper men to be used in attacks on private citizens and organizations. And why, even if this document was a serious item in the State Department's dossier on "communistic activities," should it have been put at the disposal of newspapers which devote their major efforts to attacking and obstructing the policy supposedly made and administered in that department?

The Chicago *Tribune* in another column spoke slightingly of the "*Life-Time-Fortune* axis." Far more interesting than an "axis" discovered within a single publishing house would be an alliance between Administration officials, small or large, and private anti-Administration interests. Is there a McCormick-Patterson-State Department axis? The answer can only come from Washington.

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Washington Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 18

SOME time ago a minor official at the State Department who is supposed to be in charge of anti-Nazi work of some sort dropped dark hints to a friend of mine about "the most dangerous man in America." This tantalizingly sinister creature, when his name was finally coaxed from the State Department sleuth, turned out to be Frank Kingdon, the clergyman who is president of the Union for Democratic Action. The conversation took place shortly after Kingdon and other officials of the U. D. A. had had the temerity to criticize the department's attitude toward the "so-called" Free French. It may comfort the Free French to know that they are held in no greater odium by some State Department officials than are the free Americans.

On Saturday the Chicago *Tribune* and the Washington *Times-Herald* ran an attack on the U. D. A., the *New Republic* supplement on Congress, Freda Kirchwey, and *The Nation*. *The Nation* was described as a "proletarian organ which closely follows the Communist Party line." The Chicago *Tribune* story reprinted a report which purported to come from the files of the State Department. It described the U. D. A. as "an aggregation of persons whose chief claim to public attention is their long record of affiliation with the front organizations of the Communist Party." In addition to Miss Kirchwey and Dr. Kingdon, the report named Reinhold Niebuhr and A. Philip Randolph among the reds, a classification that must puzzle the *Daily Worker*.

"Even more sinister than the past records of the Union's members," the supposed State Department report continues, "is the objective of the group." And what is the sinister purpose of the group? "That objective may be summarized briefly," the document says, "as the utilization of America's war crisis for the purpose of effecting what the Union believes to be a program of social gains." There are people who might bring the same indictment against the Four Freedoms. It would surprise no one to learn that some of those people are in the State Department.

Chesly Manly, who wrote the Chicago *Tribune* story, insisted that the report is in the "communistic activities" file at the State Department. Michael J. McDermott, chief of the department's Division of Current Information, said that he was unable to find any trace of such a document in the department but hesitated to issue a denial until he was sure. McDermott suggested that "anything" might be "in the files" of the State Department. I am inclined to agree with him, though in a somewhat different sense. It would be interesting to know how Manly obtained the document and the extent to which State Department officials cooperate with the appeasement press.

New Dealers, have greeted with approval and relief the President's courageous action in commuting Earl Browder's sentence. Communist influence remains at a low ebb among the liberal and left intellectuals of the Administration, and the party is unlikely ever to recover the influence it exercised in the days of the Popular Front, but Browder's continued imprisonment weighed on the New Deal's conscience. Few here denied, in private, that he was sent to jail for his views on the war, that the charges against him were tenuous, the sentence excessive. It is hoped that there will be a pardon after the fall elections and that the petty and spiteful deportation proceedings against Mrs. Browder will be dropped. With the Browder case out of the way, there remains only the prosecution of the Trotskyites in Minneapolis to haunt our speeches about free government.

Praise is due Administration Leader Barkley for his successful fight in the Senate to eliminate a provision from the Independent Offices Appropriation bill which would have had the effect of discharging Goodwin Watson from the Federal Communications Commission. Senator Barkley's appeal to his colleagues on the Watson case was in the best tradition of the United States Senate. Senator Barkley attacked the appropriations provision as an interference with an executive function, as in the nature of a bill of attainder, and as an interference with free expression at a time when we are "raising an army of five or six or seven million men . . . to fight to preserve the right of free speech in this country, the right of men to think and to express their thoughts." One of the accusations against Dr. Watson is that he once visited the Soviet Union, a fact regarded in some quarters as evidence of what the Japanese call "dangerous thoughts." "I visited Russia in 1930," Senator Barkley said, "and I found some things in Russia which I commended, and I did it publicly when I returned. That did not mean I favored the Russian system or that I believed in communism. . . . I think what is happening now on the eastern front is a tribute to some of the improvements the Russian government has made among the Russian people." Senators Lucas of Illinois, Murdock of Utah, Danaher of Connecticut, Hill of Alabama, Murray of Montana, Mead of New York, and Pepper of Florida deserve hon-

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orable mention for the able support they gave Senator Barkley during the debate.

I note that Patent No. 2,281,613, a process for speeding the production of synthetic Buna rubber, has been granted to Heinz Wollthan of Marl-Drewer and Wilhelm Becker of Cologne-Mulheim, Germany, and assigned to Jasco, Inc., "a Louisiana corporation." Jasco was organized jointly by I. G. Farben and Standard Oil in 1930 to hold certain patents, including those for making Buna rubber. "After the outbreak of the present World War," the Department of Justice charged in its anti-trust suit against Standard, "Standard and I. G. entered into negotiations to avoid having the Jasco patents, including the Buna patents, seized by the countries with which Germany was at war." The patents were assigned to Jasco "subject to reversion to I. G. under suitable conditions," presumably after the war was over and the patents could no longer be seized. Apparently the United States Patent Office is still issuing to Germans new patents which are then in turn assigned to Jasco.

Presumably this new patent, like other Buna patents, will be made available to other American companies properly introduced to Jesse Jones by Standard Oil. I call attention to it because the new suit filed by the government against the international dyestuffs trust discloses how easily and quickly the Germans came back into control of our dyestuffs industry after the last war, thanks to the complacency of the Alien Property Custodian, the connivance of the Chemical Foundation, and the cooperation of the du Pont interests. The materials which go into dyestuffs also go into munitions, and this international trust tended to restrict our potential preparedness for war. The German government before 1914 as before 1939 was well aware of the way in which monopolistic tendencies in other countries could be harnessed to the chariot of German imperialism. This new rubber patent granted Germans and assigned to Jasco may indicate that the old partnership is still at work, despite the war.

Europe's Underground Press

BY MICHAEL DE CAPITE

A FEW minutes after Congress declared war against Germany and Italy, WRUL in Boston, WGY in Schenectady, and BBC in London flashed the word to the occupied countries by short-wave radio. In Italy the illegal station Voce Libera heard it; in Yugoslavia, Station Sumadija; in Czecho-Slovakia, Nazdar; in Poland, Chief; in Holland, Flitspult; in Norway, Frihets Sender; in Germany, the Freedom stations. These powerful illegal radios rebroadcast the news to hundreds of mobile stations throughout the Continent. Special editions of newspapers, pamphlets, news sheets, letters, and slogans soon flooded the countryside. Simultaneously demonstrations against the Axis occurred in Belgrade, Prague, Amsterdam, Paris, Warsaw, Oslo, and Brussels.

That people separated by hundreds of miles and subjected to the world's most unremitting propaganda were able to receive this tremendous piece of news unadulterated by Nazi distortions and to react to it simultaneously was due to the underground press. Having started, often, merely as a streamer-slogan, this press now ranges from mimeographed handbills to standardized publications with excellent make-up and typography, and has become a vigorous Continental organ covering every important news event and reaching into every corner of European life.

From the underground press the Allies obtain strategic information, military and civilian, that could not be obtained in any other way. To British and Russian agents it gives facts about new war plants and those destroyed by sabotage or bombing, about the construction of airfields, labor conditions, and the effect of slow-down movements on production. Its most important function, however, is to strengthen morale and keep alive the hope of deliverance from Nazi domination. Sabotage methods are discussed in it; active resistance is urged; passive resistance is praised; German propaganda is analyzed and refuted; names of Quislings are printed, together with those of German leaders selected for a day of reckoning. It carries on a war of nerves by methods as persistent and effective as any of the schemes devised by the Germans themselves.

Two and one-half months after the capitulation of the Belgian army a copy of *La Libre Belgique* was laid on the German commandant's desk in Brussels. Printed and written by experienced newspapermen, *La Libre Belgique* of World War II, despite German efforts, soon expanded into three editions, with 3,000 copies reaching 100,000 readers. Moreover, today it has fifty-one imitators and competitors. Every group in society—labor, white-collar workers, the church—has its voice. Each keeps up a constant barrage of complaints about the slim rations allowed by the Germans. With respect to outside events, the papers simply ignore German claims and pub-

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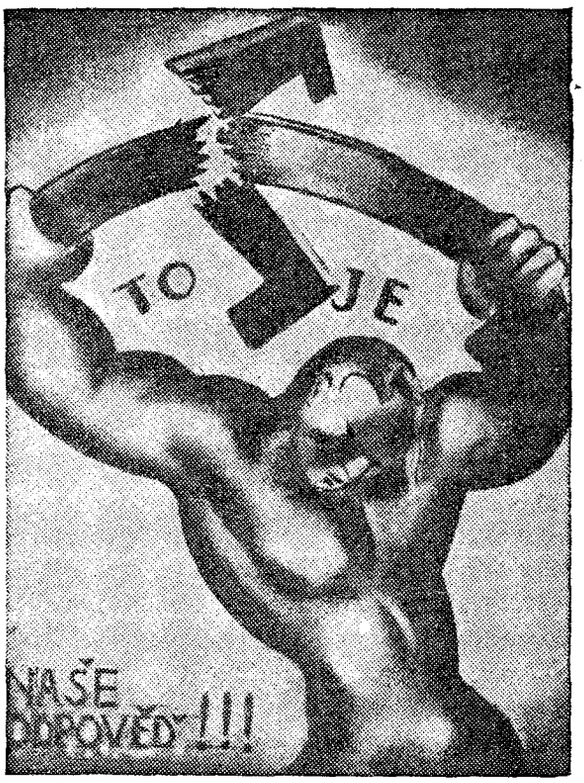
lish the latest news as received from London. So-called German superiority is a subject for puns; Belgians, like the French, know how to use irony. Léon Degrelle, the Belgian fascist leader, is mercilessly lampooned.

The first articulate resistance in France, after the collapse, occurred five weeks after the surrender of Paris. Using a child's toy printing-press, Paul Simon, a soldier of World War I, printed fifty copies of *Valmy,* France's first underground paper. Simon and his comrades raided German offices for ink and were surreptitiously given supplies by printing establishments. Stenographers and typists in the big business offices duplicated the copies, often with the tacit consent of their employers. One organization made and distributed 10,000 copies in this manner. Voluntary gifts from teachers, clergymen, and workers paid the costs. With the acquisition of a stencil and roller, Simon was able to produce 2,000 copies monthly. On July 14, Bastille Day, a special edition on blue paper with white and red stripes was printed in a regular printing shop. In November, 1941, Simon got word that the Gestapo was on his trail, and he escaped to England.

Pantagruel, a weekly issued in Paris, neatly printed on thin paper the size of typewriter sheets, gave first proof to the outside world of an active De Gaulle movement in France. It was circulated like a catalogue: names were chosen at random from the directory and the paper was sent through the mail. More pretentious is *La Voix de Paris,* a printed monthly magazine, circulated by hand, which concentrates on the motives of Vichy officials. Others, like *Le Feu,* a pamphlet, preach the second revolution. *Resistance* regularly mimeographs sections of "Mein Kampf" side by side with Darlan's speeches. In the north *La Voix du Nord* exhorts workers to stop working during air raids—this means a considerable slow-down in production, for the R. A. F. is constantly on the wing over northern France. Some twenty-five papers and pamphlets circulate in both zones of France, and in addition one-page cartoons and posters regularly deluge meeting places, cafes, and subway stations.

In Yugoslavia the democratic parties had perfected an efficient clandestine press during the dictatorship of 1931 to 1937. Presses and editors worked in well-concealed caves and forest hideouts. Demands were systematically sent to the Regent Prince Paul or circulated in pamphlet or poster form in all sections of the country. Croats received and sent out news through their farm and dairy cooperatives. Consequently, when war broke out, organizations were already set up with equipment and supplies to carry on the underground war. Yellow and green pamphlets—the color trademark of the press—were printed on very thin paper, folded innumerable times, and slipped in a sleeve or passed from the palm of a hand. Everybody from peasants to waiters distributed them. Information from Dr. Petrovich's broadcast over



WRUL was printed and passed on within a week. Today with General Mihailovich's army controlling 20,000 square miles of central and western Serbia, the press publishes regular battle communiqués in the Serbian, Slovene, and Croat languages, with the date line—Unoccupied Serbia.

On January 23 last Josef Skalda, a former Czech legionnaire, was charged with high treason for editing the underground paper *V Boj* (*In Battle*) and was executed in Prague. On January 24 a special edition of *V Boj* denounced the German courts for high treason to Czecho-Slovakia. This mimeographed sheet of eight and one-half by eleven inches was the first underground paper to appear in Europe, in the summer of 1939. Old members of the Mafie—the Bohemian secret organization of Austro-Hungarian days—revived their tradition and together with the Sokols, a Czech national society, went to work underground. To supplement the information in *V Boj* they started thousands of chain letters in all parts of the country.

Since tens of thousands of censors would be necessary to supervise the mails in Czecho-Slovakia, chain letters are a comparatively safe means of disseminating news. The addressee of each letter must copy it ten times and send it to ten friends. The powerful secret radio Nazdar and fifteen mobile transmitters are the principal news source for the letters; and broadcasts to London indicate that the truth about the war reaches every village in occupied Czecho-Slovakia. Also the recent uprising of guerrillas in eastern Slovakia was first made known to the world through the region's underground press.

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In Poland, as German suppression has grown, as starvation has increased, so have the bitterness of resistance and the papers that express it. The latest reports reaching official headquarters say that 200 papers, pamphlets, and news sheets of all sizes and descriptions are circulating in Poland alone. The Polish underground press is the most extensive in Europe; its papers cross frontiers into White Russia, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Scandinavia. A few are full-size eight-column papers, competently printed. Pictures are regularly published, some papers performing incredible feats like printing pictures of Churchill and Sikorski together and of Polish units in recent actions in Libya. The labor and democratic press is today the most powerful. *Wolnosc* (*Liberty*), printed and distributed by Polish Socialist groups and Jewish clubs, has emphasized the federation of Poles and Czechs. *Tribuna Ludow* (*Tribune of the People*) constantly asserts that the restoration of Poland is only possible with the general restoration of a democratic Europe. *Wies i Miasto* (*Village and Town*) discusses a "new deal" for peasants, workers, and farmers. The breaking down of the ghetto walls and the intermingling of Jews and Poles for a new Poland are stressed in the weekly Jewish underground paper *Do Ludu Pracujacego Warszawy* (*Workers of Warsaw*). Circulation figures are unavailable, but the coverage must be thorough, for when some action like celebration of a national holiday is ordered, compliance is widespread and immediate. It is estimated that some three million Poles are daily risking their lives reading illegal papers written and distributed by 40,000 workers.

Norwegians had no such traditions of clandestine effort as the Balkan and East European nations. In the early days of German occupation Norwegians, still naive about their conquerors, published contradictions of the news in the German-controlled press in open news letters. With the appearance of a full-size printed newspaper the Germans cracked down and jailed and executed the editors. Counter-claims and editorial opinion went underground for the first time in Norway's history. News letters and papers, often of from six to fourteen pages, stenciled on paper eight and one-half by eleven inches, were written by men who wanted to say something —farmers, workers, intellectuals. About 700 copies of each paper were passed from friend to friend. Some were mailed in open envelopes bearing the insignia of a Quisling organization. Continued circulation was achieved by the simple expedient of printing "east" or "north" at the top. Thus one copy would be mailed and remailed eastward or northward through Norway. Papers from Oslo have been found in isolated northern hamlets, ragged and smudged from much use.

Later an Oslo librarian who with the permission of the German authorities was collecting illegal papers for "scientific" study organized the editors in a group known as the Union of the Free Press. The new union set an editorial standard for all papers and directed the publication of news and resolutions. Some twenty of these combination news sheets and news letters are now being published in Oslo. Their effectiveness can be gauged by the following incident: Last summer Quisling arranged to speak at an open-air mass-meeting to be held in Oslo on July 4. Two days before the event the illegal press published a small squib suggesting that Norwegians come to the central park and lay flowers on the statue of Abraham Lincoln. Some 1,200 persons heard Quisling; more than 5,000 placed flowers on Lincoln's statue.

Despite the severity of reprisals—compositors, editors, and distributors sign their own death warrants when they take up work in the illegal press—between 350 and 400 underground papers are now issued regularly in the European countries. In Germany itself there are a dozen illegal leaflets. Even in Luxembourg, where the German authorities have called the people "stone-faced" because of their passive resistance, hand-printed pamphlets are distributed weekly carrying resistance slogans and sabotage suggestions. They are signed Ligue des Visages de Pierre (League of the Stone Faces). In Holland *Vrij Nederland* (*Free Netherlands*), a mimeographed news sheet distributed by hand and through the mail, chiefly pokes fun at German methods and superior airs.

The Nazis' efforts to keep people in the occupied countries from listening to Allied broadcasts by the threat of severe penalties and confiscation of radios have increased the importance of the underground press as a reliable purveyor of news. During the past year an extensive exchange of illegal papers has grown up among the various countries. Papers cross and crisscross Europe, often finding their way into Germany and Italy. They are a formidable barrier to Germanization, Nazi ideology, and collaboration efforts, and serve as a constant reminder to the enslaved millions that resistance is alive and that men are still willing to print and read the truth. Moreover,

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many of the papers are now discussing post-war problems and federations, thus laying a foundation for future understanding. For example, the once tragically divided French working classes are now being brought together in a unified program for cooperation and resistance.

As the war lengthens, as suffering increases, nationalistic differences are breaking down more and more into the realization that democracy, mutual aid, and cooperation are essentials for any future peaceful Europe. This is the basic principle of Europe's underground press.

Germany Feels the Pinch

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

IN THE third year of the war Germany's economic position is beginning to resemble strongly its position in the third year of World War I, when belts had to be drawn ever tighter and war weariness began to set in. From September, 1939, to June, 1941, when the Russian campaign started, state expenditures rose sharply, but without reducing the consumption of the German people to any considerable extent. In a biennial report entitled "Germany's Economic Situation at the Turn of 1938-39" the semi-official Reichskreditgesellschaft estimated that at that time the total public revenue from taxation, duties, contributions, and borrowing was 35.8 billion marks. The article continued:

> If this sum is considered in relation to the 1938 national income of about 76 billion marks, the government share runs to about 47.1 per cent. This share has steadily risen during the past few years. It shows the remarkable degree of regulation of revenue and consumption within the German economy.

Since then the expenditures of the German government have more than doubled. In the second year of World War II, from September 1, 1940, to September 1, 1941, they ran to about 75 billion marks, of which some 55 billion were for purely military expenses and the remaining 20 billion for other government costs. Frequent mention of these increased expenditures is found in the press, and without an analysis of the methods by which they were achieved one might conclude that they were made possible only by a corresponding reduction in consumption—that the slogan "Guns or Butter" was becoming an ever sharper reality. Actually the doubling of government expenditures has been achieved with relatively small further cuts in consumption.

In contrast to Britain and the United States, production in Germany has not been increased during the war, since unemployment had previously been virtually wiped out. Yet despite the stabilization of production the national income of Greater Germany has risen sharply, thanks to the increase in territory. How great has this rise been?

According to the London *Economist* of August 23, 1941:

> The official estimate for 1938 amounted to 79.7 billion marks for Germany proper, against 72.6 billion in 1937. The national income of Greater Germany—the Reich plus Austria—was estimated at 88 billion marks in 1938. Meanwhile a number of territories have been incorporated into the Reich, and the total income of those territories is unknown. A very speculative estimate of the total national income of Greater Germany would be 95 to 98 billion marks in 1939 and 98 to 105 billion in 1940.

The *Bulletin of International News* estimates the German income for 1940 still higher, about 120 billion marks. I regard this figure as too high and would myself estimate German national income at 90 to 95 billion marks in 1939-40 and at 110 billion marks in the second year of the war, 1940-41. It should be noted, however, that this increase in national income from 78 to 110 billion marks took place without the aid of the tribute, euphemistically described as occupation costs, from the conquered nations—France, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries, etc.; the 110 billion marks represents the national income of Germany plus Austria, plus Czecho-Slovakia, plus Alsace-Lorraine, plus parts of Poland.

If we now ask how the financing of the increased government expenditures—from 35 to 75 billion marks—was achieved, we find that a good third of the increase was made possible by contributions from the countries incorporated into Germany. Another third was financed at home by so-called "disinvestments"—reduced inventories, lower depreciation reserves, and a decline in new investments. A bare third only—12 billion marks—was covered by a reduction in consumption.

The Russo-German war brought decisive changes; not only did it cost innumerable lives but it greatly increased the hardships of the home front. Even before the current offensives started, the Economic General Staff reminded the German people in no uncertain terms that the nation was in the second half of the third year of war—it reduced the food rations by almost one-fifth.

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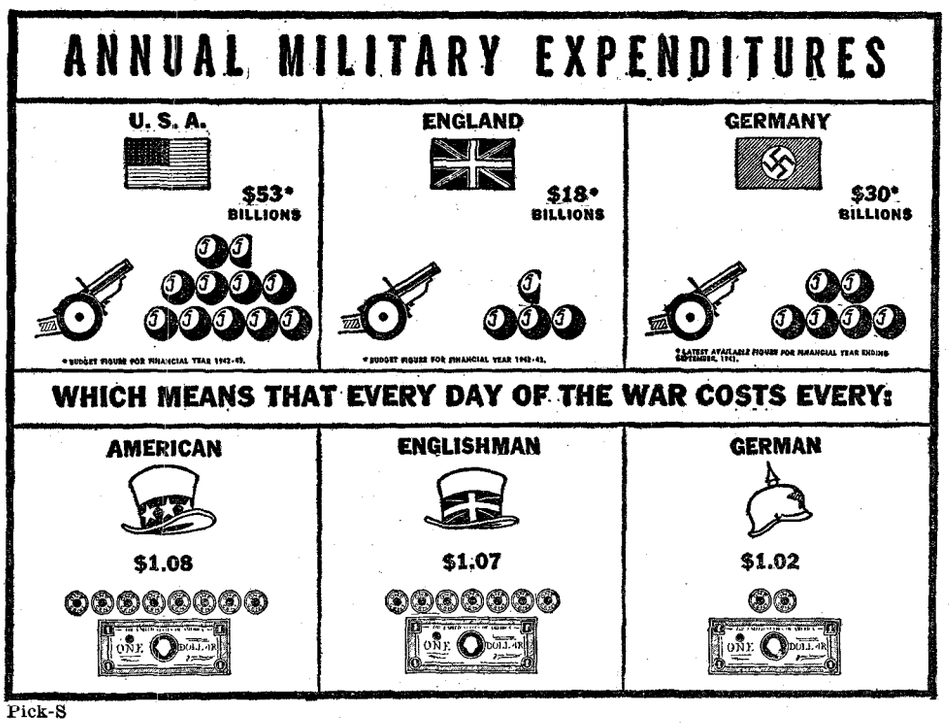
Was this merely a temporary, preventive measure, or was it necessitated by a chronic condition?

In 1940, when Germany was waging war against France, the German army numbered from six to six and a half million men. Today it must far exceed this figure, for occupation armies have to be kept in all European countries, and, furthermore, the Russian successes during the winter made it necessary to employ on the eastern front far greater armies than were used against France. Consequently we may assume that more than nine million Germans are bearing arms. This fact contributes in two ways to the shrinkage of the food supply of the German population: a soldier needs more food than a civilian; and agricultural production must decline if the army takes its able-bodied men. During the campaign against France agricultural workers could still be furloughed for the harvest. During the Russian campaign, however, the situation has been too grave for large-scale furloughs. In addition, the reduced quantity of food available for civilian consumption must be stretched to feed more people. Because of the new millions drafted from industry to the army, the Economic General Staff has been forced to bring in foreign workers from all over Europe, and even slaves must be fed.

Already during the first two years of the war Germany could not feed its population from its own soil, and only considerable food imports from various European countries prevented a rapid deterioration of the food situation. Let us examine Germany's sources of food imports today. The Balkan states used to have large agricultural surpluses and exported a large part of their foodstuffs. From Hungary and Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria, food was sent to Germany. But today guerrilla warfare rages throughout Yugoslavia, and the destruction caused by the fighting is so great that almost nothing can be exported. Hungary and Rumania are themselves involved in the fighting against Russia and must maintain their own armies. And since in these countries most conscripts are peasants, agricultural production there as well as in Bulgaria is declining. In the last few months Hungary and Rumania—the granaries of Europe—have themselves been forced to introduce bread-rationing cards.

As for supplies from Soviet Russia, hardly anything to speak of has so far reached Germany. Some 90 per cent of the Soviet agriculture is organized in collective farms. Before their retreat the Russians either destroyed the agricultural machinery in the invaded regions or transported it to the rear, and most of the workers qualified to handle this machinery were evacuated. If some tractors were left behind, the Germans could make little use of them: agricultural machinery in the German-occupied parts of Russia used almost eight million tons of oil before the war; today Germany has hardly enough oil for its army. Even German reports admit that the loot from Soviet Russia was nil, just as in 1918.

Is France in a position to send food to Germany? The answer again is no. In the period immediately after the victory over France, the German food situation improved somewhat, since the major part of the German army of occupation was supported locally and thus did not represent a drain on German food supplies. Furthermore, France had vast food stocks which were sent to Germany after the conquest. But that was long ago. Today, in the third year of war, not only have the invading rats stripped the French larder but French agricultural production has declined steeply. France harvested 15 per cent less wheat in 1941 than before the war, and other grain crops and potatoes were 20 per cent smaller.



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Food has become scarcer in Germany just as German production also, for the first time, is showing retrogressive tendencies. The decisive cause is the shortage of man-power. The millions of casualties, the millions that have been freshly drafted, cannot be fully replaced by foreign labor. An additional reason may be found in the transport and coal stringency all Europe is experiencing. Furthermore, millions of Germans lack sufficient clothing because of the extraordinary needs of the army during the Russian winter.

The mood in Germany, therefore, is none too good now. The *Schwarze Korps* charges

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(as reported in the New York *Times* of April 12) that the people still lack the right war spirit. Only grudgingly and with a sense of heavy sacrifice do they consent to go without things that are really unnecessary. It asks them to cease giving presents—not because there are no presents to buy, but because Germans should convince themselves that they do not want to buy anything while the war is on. Similarly, they must avoid unnecessary rail journeys —not because there is a ban on travel, but because a patriotic German does not want to travel at this time. And it should be a point of honor to wear old, worn-out clothes.

Thus Germany's entire economy today resembles more and more that of the third year of the First World War. Everything depends on how the next phase of the Russian war turns out. If the Nazis succeed in obtaining decisive military victories, these will compensate for all difficulties at home. If, however, the Soviets are able to hold out till fall, the resemblance between this third year of war and the third year of World War I will become striking, and the way will be paved for Hitler's collapse.

Meeting Mr. Saito

BY IDA TREAT

THE French in Tahiti never worried much about the Japanese. "We have nothing here to tempt them," Papeete officials told me in 1935. There were no deep-channeled harbors in the Society, Leeward, or Tuamotu Islands, and no mineral deposits except the Makatea phosphates. No Japanese had ever settled in the region. Wasn't that proof that it lacked strategic value? "If the Japs had designs on this part of the Pacific, they would be here now," people said.

In the French island of New Caledonia feeling was a little different. New Caledonia had rich nickel mines and a sizable Japanese colony of fishermen and market gardeners. And in Noumea something happened that made me think of Mr. Saito. I had met Mr. Saito in Paris, in the period when the attitude of the League of Nations toward the invasion of Manchuria was still a matter for conjecture. I had stopped at the Coupole one day on my way from the laboratory to wait for P——, who had promised to call for me after the session of the Chamber. We were to dine in the Quarter before he went on to his newspaper. Having found a seat on the terrace, I glanced up and saw a Chinese student I knew slightly—Chen by name—seated at a nearby table with a yellow-skinned gentleman in a dark business suit and horn-rimmed spectacles. When I nodded, Chen rose and came toward me, followed by his companion.

"My friend is anxious to meet you." He presented the spectacled gentleman. "Mr. Saito, professor of anthropology at the University of Tokyo."

"Not anthropology, pa-le-on-tol-o-gy," his friend corrected in staccato syllables, displaying a rectangle of teeth. Then he ducked so low that I saw the crisp upstanding hair on his flattened occipitals.

As he straightened up, it seemed to me I had seen his face before. It was only an impression and I gave no particular thought to it. Later on, when I mentioned it to Chen, he suggested that probably all Orientals looked alike to me. Had I known many Japanese? No, to the best of my knowledge, Mr. Saito was the first.

I found it a little odd that Chen should have Japanese friends. Apparently he too felt it needed some explanation, for he announced that Mr. Saito was not in sympathy with his government. He was a pure scientist, Chen said. That accounted for his desire to meet me. Our field was the same. Mr. Saito was a big man in Japanese science, he explained. I said I was only a little scientist myself, and I knew nothing of Japanese science.

Mr. Saito said politely it was a common failing. Indeed, that was the very reason he had come to Europe. We of the East and West should know each other better. Only the union of the world's brains could bring about world harmony.

At that point P——'s arrival cut short the conversation. I thought him a shade curt with the two Easterners. I reproached him with it afterward.

"That Chen—why isn't he in China?" he asked.

I quoted Chen: war must not submerge all culture; China's brains must be preserved for peace.

"Let the coolies do the fighting," P—— said rudely.

I mentioned Mr. Saito at the laboratory next day. Professor Boule looked perplexed.

"Saito—Saito—I don't recall the name. Must be a new man. Oh, well, we'll be seeing him here one of these days."

I knew what he meant. The world clan of paleontologists is relatively small, and the Paris laboratory was a Mecca for them all.

Mr. Saito did not come to the laboratory. But a few days after our meeting Chen telephoned. His friend Professor Saito, he said, wished to entertain me at dinner. He had discovered a Japanese restaurant and would enjoy introducing me to his native food. I would honor him, he hoped. It would be a modest way of furthering the intellectual cooperation we had spoken about.

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Then as an afterthought Chen added: If the honorable Deputy were also free for dinner, Mr. Saito would be delighted. Very much delighted.

The honorable Deputy, when consulted, declined with thanks. He had no time, and no interest in either Chen or his friend. If the man was really a scientist, there was no reason for his, P——'s, presence. If he was not, all the more reason not to go.

"What do you mean by 'really a scientist'?"

P—— quoted his Russian friends about the Japanese at the Far Eastern Institute at Moscow—how authentic Marxist students of long standing were always turning out to be imperial intelligence officers.

"Your scientist probably wants to know about Indo-China and what the government here is going to do about Manchuria."

If Mr. Saito was disappointed that I came alone to dinner, nothing in his manner showed it. His French seemed more meager than at the Coupole. He had trouble understanding my learned conversation on Japanese science (I had been reading up on the subject in preparation for the dinner).

It was my first Japanese meal, but even I could see that it was mediocre. It consisted chiefly of fish, raw and cooked, and it recalled all too vividly the beach at low tide. There was octopus, raw octopus—with horrible rows of little suckers like hostile eyes. Mr. Saito apologized for the dinner. It distressed him to give me so poor a notion of Japanese cookery. He said he hoped to make up for it some day soon.

The second invitation came a week later. Like the first, Chen delivered it over the telephone. This time I was less cordial. I was still recovering from the octopus. I tried to convey as much to Chen.

"This dinner will be different," Chen promised. Then he went on about how depressed Mr. Saito was. He had his heart set on another dinner. It was a point of honor.

I was firm. I hated to wound Mr. Saito's honor, but I simply could not put up with any more raw fish in a Japanese restaurant.

Chen assured me there would be no fish. "It will not be a restaurant. Mr. Saito will prepare it all himself."

"Where does he plan to do it?"

Chen's laugh made the receiver tinkle. "At your house, Madame. Where else?"

It was logical, though not expected. "And when does Mr. Saito—plan to entertain me?"

"Tonight. If you are busy, tomorrow, the next day—"

I had visions of Chen on the telephone for weeks to come. "Very well, tomorrow then." I know I sounded ungracious. Was there anything I should order for the dinner? No, Mr. Saito would attend to everything.

When I told P—— about the dinner, he was more than superior. "Do you suppose for a second it is you they're after?"

I said stiffly that there had been no question of him.

"No? They probably take it for granted I'll be there."

Promptly at seven the next evening the guests arrived. Chen carried a briefcase which I presumed contained the dinner. Apparently it was not to be a big one. Mr. Saito was delighted to discover a Morocco table in the living-room. We could sit on the floor in true Japanese style. Before the portrait of the master of the house he bowed. "A noble face," he said. That was the only time P—— was mentioned.

I sat down in the living-room to wait. The gentlemen had invited me to leave the kitchen. They said they required nothing but a chafing-dish and a large iron pot.

Then Chen appeared in the doorway. "Have you a cabbage?" He seemed surprised I could not produce it instantly—anything as simple as a cabbage. I called Maria, the cook, from the back room where she had retired with her supper and sent her downstairs for one.

While she was gone, Chen came again, to ask for onions. Mr. Saito needed half a dozen onions. And one turnip. A grated turnip was essential. I found onions in the vegetable bin but no turnips. When Maria returned with the cabbage I sent her down again.

For a time there were sounds of cutting and grating from the kitchen. Then Chen appeared again.

"The meat?" he said.

"Meat, what meat?"

"The meat for the dinner." Where was it? Meat was essential. Beef.

I consulted Maria, who declared it could not be done. The market was closed. Why had not the Messieurs said beforehand what they wanted? She eyed them both wrathfully. I asked her, was the *charcuterie* still open? The *charcutier* sold pork. Would pork do? I asked the cooks. Chen consulted with Mr. Saito. Mr. Saito said beef would be better. I sent Maria for the pork.

At half-past eight we sat down to dinner. The chafing-dish stood in the center of the table flanked by two bottles, a bowl of rice, and a little mound of grated turnip. Mr. Saito removed the lid of the chafing-dish. There was the pork in a steaming nest of cabbage and onions. Mr. Saito sugared it liberally and sprinkled it with fish sauce from one of the bottles before serving.

"Good Japanese *sukiyaki*," he beamed.

The taste was curious but an improvement on raw fish. Chen and Mr. Saito fell to with appetite. The second bottle contained rice wine, heady and hot. In the course of the evening my two guests drank it all. Chen, whose round face glistened with beads of sweat, asked for a hot towel, "China fashion." As I rose to get it, I stumbled over something. Mr. Saito had removed his shoes.

Chen talked and talked. Mr. Saito sat bolt upright, his feet tucked under him like a cat on a cushion, but his lids drooped behind the thick-lensed spectacles. Once or twice I thought he was asleep. Then I would see his

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eyes, like bright bits of black enamel, fixed on something just behind me. I did not realize at first what he was looking at. The clock. It was an amusing toy of brass and crystal. Was that what interested him, or what?

At eleven P—— telephoned from the paper. "They sound harmless," he conceded when I told him of the dinner. "Ring me when they go. I'll not leave here before 12:30, when the paper goes to bed."

My guests still sat contentedly on their cushions and gave no signs of leaving. Chen took up the monologue on the subject of house-furnishings that the telephone had interrupted. There was no repose in Western houses, he said. They were "anarchic," filled with a clutter of things. In the East every object had its place and reason; fitted into a pattern, practical or aesthetic.

Mr. Saito came suddenly to life. Pointing to the portrait that hung behind the clock he asked, "That picture —why is it there?"

I said there were several reasons: first, it was my mother-in-law; second, it was a very good Besnard; third, there was no other place to hang it.

Mr. Saito said something in Japanese to Chen. "He says if it stays there, all the other pictures should go and most of the furniture," Chen translated. "Then your room would be in good taste."

The clock tinkled midnight. After another half-hour I hinted that the last Métro would soon be leaving the city gate. To no effect. Mr. Saito still eyed the clock. Definitely, they were waiting.

At one the telephone buzzed angrily. "What is this pleasantry? A siege?" P—— demanded. "I'm coming now and if I find them there—."

I walked slowly to the living-room. "Gentlemen, I must ask you to excuse me. My mother-in-law has met with an accident. We are leaving for the south."

It sounded feeble. Chen looked at Mr. Saito. Mr. Saito looked at me. I turned to Chen. "My husband is so sorry to miss you. You see, he goes directly to the station."

A silence. Mr. Saito rose slowly from his cushion. He showed his rectangle of teeth. "A most unhappy circumstance," he said in excellent French. The siege was lifted.

When the door closed behind the visitors I drew a long breath. For now I knew I had seen Mr. Saito before and where. It came to me suddenly as he was making his farewell bows in the entry. Two years before, a French engineer had come to the laboratory with a proposal to fit out a scientific expedition to the Gobi Desert. He said he had the necessary backing. He lacked only the technical staff. The younger staff members had been much excited over the plan, but it had fallen through because of difficulties over Russian visas. The engineer wanted to take trucks with ten-ton trailers into Inner Mongolia. (Our traffic expert at the museum said the idea was preposterous. "Ten-ton trailers—they would be as much trouble as a cannon.")

One evening three of us were invited to the engineer's house to discuss the scientific possibilities of the expedition. In the entry we exchanged bows with an Oriental visitor who was leaving. We spoke of it later as we speculated about who the probable backers of the expedition had been. Was the Oriental gentleman Mr. Saito? As he bowed his farewells in the entry of my flat in Paris, I was convinced of it.

After that second dinner I saw no more of Mr. Saito. Chen also disappeared. I heard he had finished his doctorate and returned to China. I even heard he was very active in the pro-Japanese faction of the Nanking government. Four years passed. One July day in 1935, after a year in the South Seas, I took passage on a French ship from Noumea to Marseilles, by way of Australia.

The ship carried few passengers—a sprinkling of French and two Orientals; Japanese, the mate said when he joined me on deck after we cast off. The passengers lined the rail looking back at the drab town with its galvanized iron roofs and the peeled hills behind it. The Japanese stood by themselves on the forward end of the deck—two little men in neatly belted trench coats, each holding a camera. As the ship sidled away from the shore, the shutters clicked industriously.

"What do you suppose they are taking?" I asked the mate.

"Nothing very scenic, I'd say." Then his gaze sharpened. He left me abruptly and strolled forward. "I might have known it," he said when he returned. "Do you know what they are taking? The landing marks."

"Can't you confiscate the film?"

He shrugged. "This isn't Japan and we are not at war."

As the ship swung about and got under way, the Japanese left the rail and came toward us. One of them wore horn-rimmed spectacles. His eyes, behind the thick lenses, were flakes of black enamel. He looked through and beyond me. There was no sign of recognition. The men passed and turned into the companionway.

"Ever seen that fellow?" The mate was eyeing me curiously.

"I don't know. At first I thought—"

When I went below I stopped at the purser's office. "Could I see the passenger list?" I asked.

"Just a minute. I'm making a correction. He wrote carefully and blotted. "Here you are."

I glanced down the list. The names I sought were at the bottom: Messrs. Tonaki and Schiocho; profession, commercial travelers; destination, Sydney. The second name showed traces of erasure.

"Was this the name you changed?" I asked the purser.

He nodded. "The agent got it wrong. The passenger just came in to correct it. Why?"

"Oh, I'm just curious— It wasn't Saito, by any chance, the name you changed?"

"Something like that," said the purser.

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War and Public Power

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Bonneville, Oregon, May 15

AIRPLANES are the key to victory. President Roosevelt has asked for 60,000 war planes this year, 125,000 in 1943. The United Nations have not lost a battle front which could not have been made impregnable with enough planes. Millions of people all over the world base their hopes for freedom on American airplane production. "If our planes could drop a thousand bombs tomorrow on the munitions factories of Tokyo and Osaka," said Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, "we could save the lives of 50,000 American soldiers and sailors."

Aluminum is the key to airplanes—and the public power projects built by the New Deal against bitter opposition are the key to aluminum. Without the Tennessee Valley Authority and the great dams on the Columbia River, American airplane production, the hope of civilized mankind, would be in a sad state. Attainment of the President's goals would be impossible.

William L. Batt, chairman of the requirements committee of the War Production Board, recently told the New York *Times* that the expanded aluminum program of the United States would be 2,100,000,000 pounds a year. This amount, he said, not only will be enough to produce the number of planes the President wants, but "will be far beyond the reach of anything the Axis powers, together with all the occupied countries, can even contemplate." Censorship rules forbid publication of specific locations of aluminum plants and their individual output, but the Power Division of the Department of the Interior has announced aluminum production by regions. The figures are highly significant and should particularly impress the utility companies and their confederates who have fought so long against the power program of the Roosevelt Administration. They reveal that *approximately 48 per cent of the aluminum production of the nation, this year and in the years ahead, will be directly and entirely due to federal power projects in the Tennessee Valley, the Columbia River Basin, and the state of California.*

The wisdom and foresight of the President in this matter may be illuminatingly contrasted with the position of the utility companies by recalling two published statements. As long ago as 1934, when army engineers were grappling for the first time with the wild rapids of the Columbia Gorge, the President stood at Bonneville and said, "We are creating power, more power, and I always believe in the old saying of 'more power to you.' I do not believe that you can have enough power for a long time to come." As late as 1939 E. Hofer and Sons, a propaganda agency subsidized by private utilities all over the country, declared, "It becomes more and more apparent that Bonneville Dam is an enormously costly white elephant. It isn't selling enough power to keep even a small stand-by plant busy. So the public-ownership experiment is leaving in its wake plenty of headaches."

Today the only headache is caused by the rush to set up additional generators in the Bonneville penstock chutes so that new aluminum plants on the Columbia's banks can begin production. The Bonneville Power Administration is listed as a vital war agency. Generating equipment for both Bonneville and Grand Coulee has been given full priority. Yet Representative Francis D. Culkin of New York once asserted, "In the region of Grand Coulee, that colossal imposition on the American people, there is no one to sell the power to except coyotes and jack rabbits."

These creatures peer timidly from their lairs now as thousands of workmen hurry construction of Grand Coulee's second twenty-story power-house. The WPB is searching everywhere for generators and turbines to shove into service at Grand Coulee. John C. Page, Commissioner of Reclamation, has just announced that a single installation at the great dam will net 125,000,000 pounds of aluminum for the war effort. Production Board officials plan to transfer aluminum factories from the East because of the immense amount of electricity available at Grand Coulee, which is the biggest source of water power on earth. Copper and steel priorities are cheerfully granted for 220,000-volt transmission lines across the Pacific Northwest uplands.

Not long ago Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and the TVA had to struggle in Congress for their continued existence. In 1940 Representative Walter M. Pierce of Oregon pleaded with his colleagues, "The day is past when we can abandon Grand Coulee. Millions upon millions have been invested. It is a great undertaking and it must be completed." Representatives Jenkins of Ohio, Rich of Pennsylvania, Hoffman of Michigan, and other tories tried desperately during the same year to whittle down appropriations for the TVA. In the month that Norway fell Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon sought a third Columbia River power and navigation project, but the Senate turned down his bill, thirty-six to thirty-three. The increased river transportation that

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would have been made possible by this dam would have helped ease the burden on the Pacific Coast's railroads.

By the end of this year, according to Representative Pierce, power generated by the Columbia River will be turning out almost 600,000,000 pounds of aluminum, or more than was produced in the whole United States less than two years ago. Moreover, kilowatts from Bonneville operate the Portland shipyards, which Donald Nelson has called the most efficient in the country. In our expanded aluminum program, Representative Homer Angell of Portland has announced, more than 30 per cent of the 2,100,000,000-pound annual production prophesied by Mr. Batt will be the output of factories built near Bonneville and Grand Coulee. The power companies which opposed the New Deal program, and still oppose it, have not said how they would have taken care of the country's war needs had they succeeded in blocking the TVA and the Columbia Basin projects.

A roll of honor should list the men who kept these vast undertakings under construction while an anvil chorus was referring to them as white elephants and shocking wastes of the people's money. First and foremost comes the President, who had the vision to make use of unemployed workers to harness the rivers of the nation. Beside him stands Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, who made his first speech for public power in 1912, three decades ago. The TVA is his monument. Most of the dams in the West were built with the authorization of Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who insisted on their completion at a time when Charles W. Kellogg, president of the Edison Electric Institute, was ridiculing the notion of a power shortage.

Senators Homer T. Bone of Washington, Charles L. McNary of Oregon, Lister Hill of Alabama, and Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin have been Norris's main allies in the upper branch of Congress. The torch has been carried for the government's power projects in the House of Representatives by John E. Rankin of Mississippi, Walter M. Pierce and Homer Angell of Oregon, Charles H. Leavy, Knute Hill, John M. Coffee, Martin F. Smith, and Warren G. Magnuson of Washington, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, and Compton I. White of Idaho. It may be significant that most of these men voted against continued appropriations for the Dies committee. Happily, the President has just appointed Mr. Leavy, one of the ablest advocates of public power, a federal judge in the Northwest.

The St. Lawrence seaway and power project is still an issue on Capitol Hill. William S. Knudsen, Donald M. Nelson, and other business leaders have joined the New Dealers in urging its immediate construction. The best basis for a decision on the St. Lawrence undertaking is to consider what would be the condition of our war effort today had the country followed the advice of the opponents of Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and the TVA.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

It's Smart to Be Thrifty

OUR national income might be compared to a reservoir which is being filled up by freshets from the mountains of war expenditure more rapidly than it can be drained by the existing outlets. Two of these outlets—"taxes" and "savings"—have lately been enlarged, but not sufficiently to compensate for the fact that the third—"consumable goods"—has become seriously clogged. The result has been to weaken the containing walls of prices in this third channel, despite Leon Henderson's price-fixing cement, and they are in danger of being washed out by the rising pressure of income unless it can be relieved by a further drastic enlargement of the other two channels.

The Treasury's latest addendum to its 1943 tax program proposes a lowering of income-tax exemption limits which would make possible the siphoning off of another billion dollars or so; but this isn't very impressive in relation to an estimated excess flow into the reservoir of around $17 billion. Moreover, Congress seems hesitant to vote levies as steep as the Treasury advocates, and the final tax bill may well fall between $2 billion and $3 billion short of the amount for which Mr. Morgenthau has asked. This means still greater dependence on the savings conduit, for the enlargement of which the government has decided to depend on voluntary effort. Consequently a great responsibility is being placed on the self-discipline of all income receivers, and they will have to practice the art of thrift as never before.

Not unnaturally, there is a tendency under present conditions to measure savings mainly in terms of war bonds bought. There may, however, be purchases of bonds which do not represent real current savings—the only kind that are of value in keeping the volume of purchasing power within bounds. For instance, if a man sells an existing investment or draws upon a long-standing savings account to buy bonds, he is not making any sacrifice of his immediate spending capacity and not making a contribution to the checking of inflation. From the standpoint of national economy he is merely engaging in a bookkeeping transaction.

On the other hand, there are many kinds of genuinely useful saving, involving actual abstention from expenditure, which do not involve the direct purchase of government bonds. Many workers, now enjoying steady and comparatively well-paid employment for the first time in years, rightly feel that the first call on their incomes, after meeting daily expenses, must be the reduction of

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their debts. Hundreds of thousands of home-owners are catching up on arrears in their mortgage payments. The Home Owners' Loan Corporation, which at one time seemed likely to end up with a loss of one billion dollars or so on the properties it had refinanced, now finds that 95 per cent of its accounts are either paid up to date or less than three months in arrears. Many home-owners are even beginning to pull ahead of their contractual obligations. Undoubtedly, insurance companies, banks, and other large holders of mortgages are enjoying the same experience. Clearance of debt in this way is good personal economy, and for the purpose of checking inflation it is just as useful as buying war bonds.

Another form of saving, practiced by a surprising number of people, is as much reprobated by the upright and orthodox as the repayment of debt is praised. The man who regularly tucks a tenspot into an old teapot or under his mattress may be a fool but he is not a menace. By registering distrust of savings banks and paper claims to wealth he is depriving himself of the opportunity of earning interest, but after all, what he hoards he doesn't spend, and thus he is contributing his mite to the restriction of purchasing power.

A more respectable and sensible form of real saving is the purchase of insurance, and nobody need feel unpatriotic because he decides to take out a new policy instead of purchasing bonds. Actually his money is likely to flow into the Treasury, for government bonds are the chief form of investment open to the insurance companies, and the recent long-term 2½ per cent issue was specially designed to meet their requirements.

It is clear, then, that the actual purchase of war bonds is not the only way to exercise a thrifty patriotism. The main thing is for every citizen to refrain from spending as much of his current income as possible. Nevertheless, war bonds ought to attract a very large volume of savings, for they certainly constitute a convenient and extremely attractive form of investment. The yield on the Series E bonds, which are intended for small investors, is 2.9 per cent if they are held to maturity—a very generous return for the best security in the world. The voluntary payroll-deduction plan, which is being taken up by millions of wage and salary earners with the enthusiastic assistance of many trade unions, provides a relatively painless method of saving.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, defense-bond purchases were only around $300 million a month. The country responded to the Jap bombs by jumping this figure to $1 billion in December, and the same pace was maintained in January and February. March, the income-tax month, saw a sad falling off, and April was also a relatively slow period. The Treasury has set quotas of $600 million for May, $800 million for June, and $1 billion a month thereafter. These figures are by no means impossible of attainment if we bear in mind that it is smart as well as patriotic to be thrifty. Those who try to spend now all they earn will be buying in a poorly stocked market; those who save up for the end of the war will be rewarded by the opportunity to buy many new and exciting products.

In the Wind

ALL THE FORCES of the French underground movement, according to a confidential report now circulating in New York, have been moving toward consolidation, but negotiations are temporarily at a standstill. Apparently the reason for this is that one of the three large movements, Libération Nationale (the others are Libération and Liberté) is suspected of having connections with Vichy. The report says that French anti-fascists do not regard Libération Nationale as a German trap, but they do think that it is the instrument of some Vichy officials who are now convinced that the United Nations are going to win. These men have associated themselves with the underground in order that their future will be secure—win, lose, or draw.

ALTHOUGH INTERNAL WARFARE in the American Newspaper Guild has come to an end, a new issue is dividing the left and right wings. Left-wing units have frequently in the last few months passed resolutions approving editorials in their employer's publication. This is a new departure for the Guild, which has always held that a publisher's policies were no concern of the union. It is felt by opponents of the new policy that it may cause trouble in the future if the left wing again abandons unity.

IN ITS FIRST COMMENT on the campaign against defeatist newspapers *Editor and Publisher* has taken its stand with McCormick, Patterson, and Hearst. The issue of May 9 characterizes the campaign as part of the Communist Party line.

CIVIL SERVICE APPLICANTS in Illinois must answer this question in the form sheets: "Are you a member of any organization which advocates the *reformation* or overthrow of the existing form of representative government in the United States? . . . If answer is 'yes,' name the organization." (Our italics.)

AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of *Yank*, the new servicemen's paper, a debate over policy is going on. Some editors believe that the paper, apart from providing news and entertainment, should devote itself entirely to building up an aggressive morale; others believe that it should also explain the political and economic issues behind the war.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Dominance of Air Power

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER. By Major Alexander P. de Seversky. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

GREAT military books are rare. In the years since the death of that twisted genius Homer Lea, the United States has probably not produced a single first-class volume on the theory of war. Prior to that, one would have to go back to the time of Mahan to find an American work on war winning universal acclaim. In view of this fact the appearance of "Victory Through Air Power" is important, for there can be no doubt that it is a major contribution to the philosophy of conflict. It is very possible that it will do for air power what the writings of Mahan did for sea power or those of Clausewitz for military strategy.

Major de Seversky believes that the strategic position of the United States has already changed as a result of the improvement in air power. Instead of being the nation in the world most immune to attack we are rapidly becoming, with our concentrated industrial civilization, the most vulnerable. The increasing range of aviation is making large-scale air attacks more and more likely, and this method of waging war can win victories regardless of our military and naval strength, which does not by itself offer any way to stop bombers. This prospect should not, however, cause panic, since with our resources and technical skill we can be the first to develop long-range air power and to use it.

Major de Seversky boldly claims for the plane today what Mahan claimed for the warship sixty years ago—that it is dominant in modern war. He backs this view by a careful and exhaustive interpretation of the war from the angle of air power. Sea power, he finds, is unable to approach within bombing range of shore bases sustaining real air power without committing suicide. As effective bomber range increases, the domain of the warship shrinks toward an inevitable vanishing-point.

Immediately prior to the war the author had an excellent opportunity for evaluating foreign air power as well as our own. His observation that America is making all the blunders made by Europe before it seems to be well sustained. Our high service officials still do not conceive of air power in terms of a separate long-range striking force, the use which Major de Seversky considers of greater importance than mere cooperation with the army or navy. Obsolete models are still being produced in quantities. Officially inspired propaganda and the typically American habit of boasting have kept the low quality of many American planes from becoming common knowledge. Peace practices in business and government have continued in a period of war, when their cumulative effect is fully as serious as treason. Because most of the men in power at the present moment were responsible for these blunders, progress continues to be slow.

Little is said about our naval aviation, though Major de Seversky indirectly pays it a compliment; but using personal examples in order not to involve others, he gives enough instances of military stupidity in the handling of Army Air Corps affairs to make any observer wonder if the management of a peanut wagon would not be more nearly commensurate to the capacities of the men who in the past have guided—and in some instances still guide—the aerial destinies of the United States. In the Army Air Corps the best brains do not reach the top, and airmen urging reform or any change which upsets the comfortable inefficiency of bureaucracy suffer the fate of General Mitchell. On repeated occasions Major de Seversky, in private life head of the Republic Aviation Corporation, has urged such reforms as greater fire power, interchangeable and more powerful engines, light bomb racks for pursuit planes so they could be converted to bombers in case of need, and many others. In every case he met a stubborn wall of opposition which did not wish to have the practicability of new ideas proved to it. The lack of fast fighter and pursuit planes with range sufficient to reach the scene of hostilities under their own power was more responsible than any other factor for the loss of the war in eastern Asia. Yet De Seversky offered such a plane to the War Department four years ago and even proved its range at company expense. The Air Corps for three years refused to look at it, and then accepted it recently without explaining to the American public that their losses in the Far East had not been caused by an act of God but by the stupidity of men still occupying positions of responsibility. During these pre-war years Congress had little idea of the actual status of American air power because high officials of the Air Corps lied repeatedly about it. The inevitable result was that we were completely surprised by the success of known German methods and are now timidly copying German tactics when we should be developing more effective ones of our own.

Like most reformers Major de Seversky has a remedy for the unsatisfactory conditions he reveals. Such naval and military aviation as is needed by the older services in their routine tasks should be integrated with them and be directly under the command of navy and army officers. But the bulk of American planes should be placed in a separate department under the command of air officers who possess a genuine vision of aerial strategy and whose minds are not clamped in the strait-jacket of obsolete concepts.

Seen through the eyes of air power, the whole outlook of the war changes. Instead of fighting Japan from a distance of ten or twelve thousand miles, a necessity if we continue our present strategy, we should use Alaska and the Aleutians as a base for attacks by long-range planes, which we must instantly start producing in large numbers; we shall thus cut our communication lines to a fourth of their present length.

It is easy to pick minor flaws in "Victory Through Air Power." Some of Major de Seversky's interpretations of war events are highly questionable. While risking naval vessels near air bases is foolish—as it would be to send them into mine fields—it is not necessarily fatal. Otherwise, how explain the British success in provisioning Malta? In pronouncing future sea power obsolete and future air power invincible

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Major de Seversky is running considerable risk of being proved wrong by history. Every new weapon that has changed war has made enormous progress in its earlier development and been pronounced invincible, then has become less effective as new defenses have been found. Sea power has not yet answered the aerial torpedo, but that does not mean that it will not be able to do so. If long-range bombers are to be guarded by long-range pursuits in conducting distant raids, then defending aircraft of similar size, not needing to carry so large a load of gasoline, will still have the advantage in speed, armament, or numbers. In short, Major de Seversky has viewed the long-range plane as an all-powerful offensive weapon without visualizing possible answers. He feels that the failure of the Luftwaffe over England does not invalidate his theories since it was the result of mistakes made by the Germans. The R. A. F. is now trying an all-out offensive over Western Europe, but there are as yet no signs that the results will be more impressive.

While many specific statements of this book may be questioned, an open-minded reader is obliged to conclude that the author is more nearly right than wrong in his views. Regardless of what the future may bring, and it is reasonable to assume that aviation will progress, the airplane has been of enormous importance in this war. It has been vital as a part of the army-navy-air force team and has shown great power as an independent striking weapon. It has certainly limited naval power in many ways. There can be no question that our own land-based aviation has been held back by its enforced relation to the army, though the blame for lack of working harmony is more evenly distributed than one would believe after reading this book. While one need not have absolute faith that the war can be won by air power alone, no sane person can deny that planes of longer range will be of definite advantage to a power so deprived of bases close to the scene of hostilities as the United States. Finally, there can be no doubt that an understanding of modern air power has been seriously lacking among our brass hats or that a thorough house-cleaning among service bureaucrats is long overdue.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

The Steel of Victory

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD. By Vladimir Pozner. Modern Age Books. $2.50.

WHETHER Vladimir Pozner, who was born in Paris in 1905 and graduated from the Sorbonne, was chauffeur to his French military superiors over four or forty thousand miles—the front of the dust jacket offers the first figure while the back gives the second—of the refugee-choked roads of France is neither here nor there. Nor does it matter that the title of the book and the jacket design are awkward enough to put one off, or that the first twelve and a quarter pages are out of place where they stand. What is of importance is that Pozner has written a book which in denying nothing and refuting nothing, in apparently seeking no explanations and exonerating or blaming no person or act, establishes on every page two generations and their country in the almost casual, almost accidental, but unmistakably exciting accents of truth.

From the dust jacket can also be learned that Pozner has contributed to *Harper's, Town and Country, The Nation, the New Republic, the American Mercury,* the *Forum,* as well as to most of the leading periodicals of Europe. What the nature of these contributions was I do not know, but having read "The Edge of the Sword" I do know that I want to miss nothing that Pozner writes from now on. The quality of truth is alone a rare enough thing, but when this truth is set down by a gifted and subtle stylist we are getting very close to the best that literature can give. I have read the book with satisfaction and with love—with satisfaction because the various themes of the plot make good and moving reading, and with love for the author's clarity of vision, and for the people of whom he writes.

There is Caillol, whom we meet driving "an army truck loaded with scrap iron, all its lights out, burrowing its way through the dark." Caillol has been active in workers' organizations before the war, and his record follows him still. During the days of the débâcle in May, 1940, with the Citroën factories being struck, Orly in flames, Paris bombed, we have:

> "That you, Caillol?" said the non-commissioned officer without ceasing to write. . . . "The captain wants to see you in his office."
>
> "What does he want of me?"
>
> Bissières looked up. . . . "He didn't tell me, and I would not think of asking him."
>
> . . . Bissières knew perfectly well what was wanted of Caillol. . . . The plain-clothes man had added, "All you have to do is to say the word. We'll come and pick him up anywhere you say."

Thus begins Caillol's plot, and it proceeds through the book with grace, suspense, and deliberation, moving with and among the other themes in a manner not unlike Pozner's description of the music of Bach:

> The melodic air . . . had divided, and two melodies, alike and different, pursued each other, now soft, now loud, overlapped, blended, split apart again, reflecting each other, became four, rapid without haste, without effort, like a double row of poplar trees reflected in the water of a canal. . . .

Fiercely, and with a sort of angry sorrow because I can no longer see and hear them—no longer being in France and having temporarily closed Pozner's book—I love the three men of the French tank crew, Moustier, Mirabelle, and Vandervenne, and the blind, blundering, and easily symbolic wanderings of that undaunted tank. The character of Colonel Carvin, the French military *homme d'honneur* fleeing with Caillol as chauffeur and four cases of fine wines as cargo, is profoundly and brilliantly done, and their story as magnificent a chapter of social comment as I have ever read. But Pozner is far too great an artist to mar by argument his own masterly effects. He has made manifest in this book a world of recognizably altering social values, but with the same naturalness, the same human contradictions and confusions with which such a world is actually brought into being. No point is forced, no climax reached except apparently fortuitously. The reader is reading fiction, in the sense that "War and Peace" and "The House of the Dead" are fiction, and at the same time he is comprehending how the founda-

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tions of revolution are laid. The reader is reading fiction, and he responds with delight to incident after related incident—he loves the bridge blowers, the man in the straw hat and the alpaca jacket, and the search for the Battle of the Loire. He loves Caillol's gravity, his courage, and his perfectly tempered tenderness; he will remember for a long time the faces of Jacqueline, Fernand, and Ernestine; he will be implicated with those soldiers who desperately try to make up stories about a war that has been nothing but a retreat to them because an old soldier gives them wine and asks them where they fought and what they saw.

These are characters—all of them—who never passed through the rue de la Huchette; they never had any part to play in such an account of warfare and of a people and its cause as "A Thousand Shall Fall." For Pozner is neither a literary nor a military tourist; he belonged to a country and a people whose words are those he ends his book on: "From *your* scrap, *we* shall forge the steel of victory."

KAY BOYLE

Facing East and West

RUSSIA AND JAPAN. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

MAURICE HINDUS always writes with passionate conviction, and in this, his twelfth book, he permits his passions and certainties to divert his attention so far from the main thesis of his work that the volume might better have been named "Russia, Japan, and Germany." Granting that any detailed discussion of the probabilities and probable outcome of a war between Russia and Japan must give ample consideration to the position of the Soviets in relation to Nazi Germany, this phase of the Russian-Japanese problem does not justify crowding the relations between Moscow and Tokyo into the background.

The heading for the last chapter of the book is The Battle unto Death, and a mighty fine chapter it is. But Japan is not mentioned from the middle of page 240 until near the bottom of page 253. There the author remembers the title of his work, devotes the two final paragraphs to the Russo-Japanese situation, and concludes abruptly on page 254.

Having correctly prophesied that Germany and Russia would go to war in spite of their non-aggression pact of 1939, Mr. Hindus then flouted the opinions of the military experts and boldly declared that Hitler could not conquer the Soviets. Now he predicts that Russia and Japan must engage in formal hostilities, and soon.

Japan, so runs the argument, cannot achieve its ambitions in Asia without pushing Russia out of its way, "with all the violence that it can muster," any more than Hitler can realize his aims without crushing the Soviets. The existing neutrality pact which Moscow and Japan negotiated in April of last year is the Far Eastern equivalent of the Hitler-Stalin treaty of 1939—and just as valueless and insubstantial. The fundamental antagonism of the two nations remains unaltered. The sound argument is put forth that Japan may never again have the chance of challenging Russia while Soviet armies are at the same time engaged in a life-and-death struggle on a European front, and that, moreover, Japan must attack soon as a measure of insurance against a possible Soviet victory over Hitler's Reich.

Even a decisive victory for Japan over the sea powers it is now fighting would not give it real security, the author argues, so long as "Russia sprawls all along Japan's doorstep and is in command of a mighty land army, a substantial fleet of submarines, a powerful air force, an immense hinterland that is in process of feverish industrialization."

Mr. Hindus successfully crams into several chapters much information about the industrialization of Siberia that is real news. And it is important and heartening news, particularly in these days when the German armies may achieve large-scale victories at several points along the winding and vital Russian front. Knowledge of the vast extent of the present industrial resources of Siberia must necessarily minimize the importance of regional German victories and the damage of a probable extension of bombing to factory centers west of the Ural Mountains. The rapid rise of a new steel civilization in Siberia is held up as one of the basic reasons why Japan will feel that an attempt must be made to defeat Russia decisively no matter what the cost.

Even a synchronized German-Japanese onslaught can never bring about the decisive defeat of the Soviets, Mr. Hindus declares, and justifies this declaration as follows:

> If Germany ever throws the Russian armies across the Volga, or clears them out of Europe, and if Japan, driving from the east, pushes them beyond Lake Baikal, Russia will have been horribly devastated, profusely bled, but she will, I must repeat, still have a mighty industry and a mighty agriculture in the Urals, in central Siberia, in central Asia. Including the Arctic, she will still sprawl over a territory larger than all of Europe. She will also have an army of millions. With her enormous man-power she will be continually training new millions; and since the war with Germany Siberia has been her chief training ground.

Not in the army, in industry, in finance, in government, or in agriculture is Russia today under the leadership of amateurs, it is argued, and the record of Soviet resistance against the Germans since last June has demolished the old notion that Russians lack organizing ability. All three of the Five-Year plans, Mr. Hindus believes, were inspired not by economic or political considerations but by the sage conviction that the Soviets would surely be attacked by Germany and Japan. The Russian people, he says, were led into paying an inordinate cost for industrialization, but this cost has been more than justified, for the success of the Five-Year plans alone has made it possible for the Soviets to put up the superb fight for existence which has so thrilled their friends and confounded their foes for the last eleven months.

There is little validity in any counter-argument based upon the fact that Japan's military leaders must know all or most of the facts about Russia's strength which are set forth in this book, and that such knowledge will surely deter them from attempting the impossible. Japan and Russia must fight, and Japan will open the hostilities because it is under the history-old compulsion of all aggressive conquerors. It must use the profits of each accomplished conquest to finance new efforts at expansion, for if it tries to stand still and keep what it has gained by violence, its enemies will surely accomplish its defeat and ruin.

HALLETT ABEND

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The Great Villager

VERDI: THE MAN IN HIS LETTERS. Edited with a Preface by Franz Werfel. L. B. Fischer. $3.50.

ONE might write a score of essays on the material in this absorbing volume, which presents an altogether fascinating portrait of that rarest sort of man, the normal genius. But two themes impose themselves, and it happens that they enable one to assess the man at his true worth—Verdi and Wagner, Verdi and Shakespeare. In his day Verdi met and, one dares say, vanquished a great adversary, the Wagnerian music drama. So far as opera was concerned, it was a contest between Italy and Germany; in another sense it was a contest between man and the symphonic orchestra grown tyrannous. Verdi saw it that way. In a jovial letter to Mascheroni, written in the warm, triumphant days of "Falstaff," he mocks at the "modernists."

> I am busy now putting the touches on an opera in twelve acts plus a prologue. . . . Every act has an introduction in which all the violins, violas, celli, and double-basses play a melody in octaves, not like those in "Traviata," "Rigoletto," and so on, but a modern melody, one of those lovely ones that have no beginning and no end. . . . I have no time to explain to you how all the singers will furnish the accompaniment.

To Verdi, as these letters prove, the opera was the characters. The swollen importance of the orchestra was, as he said, yet another invasion of the baroque, one that must submerge true drama. In his middle years of success he will not forgo sharp impact and sudden poignancy for the sake of an architectural fabric; he must succeed with the direct lyrical stroke, as later with the passionate *arioso* phrases of "Otello" he will make profounder revelations than Wagner ever hoped to make.

For that persistence he has been called a reactionary, a "mandolinist." He was for a while the butt of the Wagnerian journalists. Yet the development of Wagner from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal," through the barbarity of "The Flying Dutchman" and the boredom of "Tannhäuser" and much of the Ring," to the pinnacle of "Die Meistersinger," is not more striking than that of the man who moved from "Oberto" through "Aïda" and "Macbeth" to the sheer truth of "Otello." And "Falstaff," second only to "Figaro" in its kind, was a far more wholesome, not to say musically delightful, conclusion than "Parsifal." Even "Macbeth," composed at the time of "Tannhäuser," is musically and dramatically more advanced than that stuffed piece of romantic medievalism.

All his life Verdi was aiming at a more human drama. His attitude to Shakespeare shows that. Nothing in this volume is more interesting than his constant preoccupation with the poet. In a letter to Escudier he writes, "I may not have rendered "Macbeth" well, but that I do not know, do not understand and feel Shakespeare, no, by heavens, no!" The opera may not be the "Macbeth" Anglo-Saxons hear after three centuries of criticism, but I should have said that Verdi understood Shakespeare as an Elizabethan understood him. "There are three roles in this opera," the composer writes, and the third is "the Chorus of Witches, uncouth and garrulous in the first act, sublime and prophetic in the third." That, surely, was the Globe Theater opinion. What is not in Verdi is what Shakespeare alone in his age possessed, that awareness of mockery in the tragedy of human fate expressed in the speech:

> Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . .

Of that disturbing experience the witches were the theatrical symbol.

Tschaikowsky once said of "Aïda" that it showed not only a weakening of lyric power but a surrender to Wagnerism! He was nearer the mark when he declared that the poor taste of the Italian audience hampered Verdi. The Italian would have rejected this with indignation, though various letters disclose that he wrote "Otello" and "Falstaff" for the ideal theater of his own mind rather than for any concrete opera house. But even here one must note that the choice of "Othello" was logical and absolutely in the line of his development. Of all the Shakespearean tragedies it is the one that has fewest overtones. Evil is a man, not a supernatural force; the drama is wholly psychological, and a handkerchief will serve to unloose disaster. For years Verdi had worked with Cammarano on the libretto of "King Lear." It is not hard to see why he never composed music for it. In "Otello," for which Boito had given him a fine libretto, the aging Verdi, in whom age was worldly wisdom grown compassionate and whose sense of drama had as its instrument a new musical technique, wrote his finest work. Then, having revivified opera, this old man grew mellow, as Shakespeare of "The Tempest" did, and gave us "Falstaff."

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At eighty-seven years he dropped a collar stud and in crawling under the bed for it suffered a stroke, from which he died. Otherwise we might have had "Lear," and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" too. Comparing the tremendous impact of "Otello" and the subtlety of the "Falstaff" score one may believe that even "Lear" would have been a great work. There are no Verdi manifestos and no polemical pamphlets, but the utmost in drama lay along the line of his development. Turn over his scores or read these letters for the proof.

RALPH BATES

How Begot, How Nourished? II

[This is the second of a series of commentaries. The third will appear soon.]

MR. LAUGHLIN'S scheme of presenting five young poets in one book must have, in their minds, advantages to compensate for the disadvantage of looking uncomfortably crowded, and also a little comical, like five people in one bed. In addition to the poems, each poet was asked to submit a brief statement concerning poetry in general and/or his own in particular. This kind of invitation is more apt to elicit sententiousness than sense, and while some of the remarks here made are interesting, they are not in general very illuminating. Neither Mr. Schubert nor Mr. Shapiro writes very clear prose; Mr. Mills has rather evaded the issue by casting his statement in the form of a poem; Miss McGahey is unconsciously amusing in the contrast her article affords between her own laconic observations and the effusions of the local maestro whom she quotes in almost double the number of her own words; Mr. Goodman is downright disagreeable. None of the poets seem to have spent any too much time in thinking about how poetry should sound; it might, in future editions, be a good idea to drop the whole business. Another suggestion: instead of photostated fair copies of poems in longhand, might it not be more interesting to reproduce an actual manuscript, with the corrections, erasures, marginalia, and so on?

In his poetry as well as in his prose Paul Goodman pushes his stuff in your face so aggressively that one is put unduly on the defensive. If it matters, I couldn't read his verse play at all; I mean I did read it, but you know what I mean; and the only poem in which I could take any pleasure was the curious little number about "the lordly Hudson hardly flowing." This is not in Mr. Goodman's usual voice, but softer; and while softness is not always a virtue in poetry, stridency is usually a vice.

Jeanne McGahey's verse play contains some clean writing and some fine images, but on the whole I didn't like it much either. This business about old men, villagers, witches, hunchbacks, travelers, wells, and shepherds, especially coming from the West Coast, brings back only too familiarly all that arty little-theater atmosphere of San Francisco, its murmurs and pretensions, its affections and mutual admirations: God save us all! I doubt whether even the genius of Yeats justifies trying this sort of poem. With Miss McGahey's lyrics the going is pleasanter; her landscapes, whether rural or urban, are sharply seen and sensitively felt.

The work of Clark Mills is by far the most satisfactory

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in this collection. Mr. Mills seems to be a prodigal writer, willing to try his hand at various measures, and possessed of the energy to develop and sustain sequences. It looks as if he might always produce more than he will eventually care to keep, especially when he has learned to curb his unconscious imitations and label his conscious ones. He shows that he has read, understood, and been moved by good literature, and not only in one language—Yeats, Rilke, Auden, Rimbaud. The advance of technology has made the bomb as inevitable in modern poetry as God was in the works of Robert Browning, but Mr. Mills is sensible on the subject. Mr. Mills's work shows careful study of sight and sound; and this is repaid in richness of effect. I wish him a book of poems all to himself; but not in too much of a hurry: let it age, it will be all the better.

David Schubert's poems are more somber in tone, less rich and warm in sound and image than those of Mr. Mills, and sometimes a little violent in manner. The world he depicts is rather dreary; the biographical note speaks of his having had a not very easy time, "homeless from the age of fifteen, supporting himself by selling newspapers, working as bus boy, soda jerker, waiter, farm hand, various other jobs." One does not wish for a poet a cushioned existence; nor is there any self-pity in Mr. Schubert's work: it is too honest for that. But honesty and accuracy are not enough—I am not meaning to suggest that Mr. Schubert is a drab realist, as the phrase used to run, either. He himself knows what more is necessary: "This exquisite lilt, this dance of sound, must be married to a responsible intelligence before there can occur the poem. Naturally, they are one: meaning and music, metaphor and thought." Mr. Schubert's poems are not yet lilting or dancing; the fragments of metaphor and music and meaning jolt like gondolas being shunted around the switching-yard. There is needed more fusion, more ease. In addition to his own work Mr. Schubert has included some translations from Baudelaire.

Karl Shapiro's progress has taken him around a good deal: he has not been satisfied with what he saw from his front porch, or with much of anything else for that matter. His visits have touched upon the emporium and the drugstore, the midnight show and the honky-tonk, the necropolis and the hospital, Druid Hill Park, the University of Virginia, Scyros (you'd never know the place), Hollywood, Washington Cathedral, and other points of interest around the nation's capital, where "Roosevelt lunched on ballots yesterday/and Archibald performed the minuet." Mr. Shapiro's attitude is not always reverent; he likes to be perverse, in a normal youthful way; his genius is most happily exercised in response to the satirical impulse. His line is firm and not devious, and if Auden's voice cries intermittently in his pages, like the cuckoo in a leafy dell, oh, well, we ought to be getting used to that by this time.

That takes care of Mr. Laughlin's recent output. The Colt Press in San Francisco has also promised a poetry series, and the first number is at hand. This is a collection by Don Stanford called "New England Earth, and Other Poems." The title will fool you badly if you are led by it to expect something in the Paul Engle or Robert P. Tristram Coffin manner. Mr. Stanford does not by any means belong to the of-the-corn-corny school; rather he is an elegant literary writer whose work is calculated (the word must be used advisedly) to attract the attention of his peers. That he has succeeded is evident from a foreword by Yvor Winters; this conveys the impression both of a solo turn in a California mutual-admiration choir and of an apostolic benediction. Poetry, I suppose, can mean all things to all men; to find a poem cited in praise because its detail "escapes the formulary throughout by virtue chiefly of an almost formulary, yet finely managed, hyperbole"—need I say that this is both pedantic and ridiculous? Moreover, in the nice details of the line either Mr. Winters's ear is not so acute as he pretends or else he is being too polite to call attention to flaws; would a really exquisite writer say, for instance, "To you who"; rhyme "dignity" and "tranquillity," and "the year—the ear"; make "fire" and "fear" and "desire" into "fi-yer," "fee-er," and "desiyer"; put down one minute "an hundred" (fancy) and a few lines later "a hallowed" (plain)?

Without the send-off Mr. Stanford's poems would receive a different kind of attention: then they could be read, simply and purely, for what they are; and some of them are very pure and simple and nice. As it is, you feel neglectful if you do not read them with one eye cocked to catch their relation to Collins, Dryden, Donne, Herrick, Rochester, and Vaughan; but maybe that is the way Mr. Stanford wants it.

"See this air, how empty it is of angels!" cries the voice of another young poet, Winfield Townley Scott, in the first line of the collection called "Wind the Clock," published by the press of James A. Decker. If the New Directions and Colt houses have something of the angelic about them, that of Mr. Decker might be described as semi-angelic, or an angel on a shoestring. His firm in Prairie City, Illinois, calls itself "poetry publishers": at hand are Mr. Scott's collection and an anthology of "Seven New Poets." The books are shoddy in appearance: coarse paper, undistinguished typography, and rather tacky binding. Still, it is silly to kick about the quality of the page when the quality of the poetry is as fresh and readable as that of Mr. Scott's work. In the course of his search for angels this author has gone around by himself a good deal, and observed himself in a manner that is level-headed, humorous, and sensitive, "as much for pleasure as necessity," as he remarks about one of his acts of micturition. I like him better in this vein, where he calls himself "I," than when he disguises himself, in rather thin irony, as Festus Prufrock Traman, or somebody. He has also observed other people: the poet Robinson, the dancer Argentina, refugee professors on the campus at Brown, an old boy getting booted out of O'Ryan's bar, Fatty Doran from grade school, another kid in the second grade. How the young, even more than the old, like to remember the days when they were younger!

The term "young" in Mr. Decker's series of new poets is somewhat more elastic than in the New Directions series; here the age limit is forty, and I suspect there might, even at that, be a little cheating. The writers included are Tom Boggs, Marshall Schacht, John Ciardi, Robert Clairmont, Minna Gellert, E. L. Mayo, and Lucy Kent. I know a good many words that might be applied to this collection of verse but will utter only one—a firm and gentle No.

Next time: *miscellanea* and *curiosa*, but not *erotica;* with, perhaps, a few reflections. ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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FILMS

NO ONE who is interested in serious films should overlook Paul Strand's "Native Land." It can be described, I suppose, as a propaganda film, though it is not the sort of propaganda that one expects to be shown at the present time. There is, indeed, a reference at the very end to the American people's need to defend their liberties against their foreign enemies, but the main theme is the workers' struggle against native oppressors. The bulk of the film consists of the reenactment of a series of scenes from the social history of the thirties, beginning with the murder of a farmer for his political activities and ending with the massacre of the steel workers by the Chicago police. Of the intervening episodes the most elaborate is an account of the breaking of a union through the introduction of a spy; the most terrifying, the account of an outrage by the Ku Klux Klan. No doubt it can be justly argued that the selection of these scenes reveals political bias, and that the film does not give a wholly fair impression of the fortunes of American labor during the past decade. But the point is that the events it describes did happen and could happen again; and it is good for this to be made known. Moreover, whatever one may think of its political implications, the film is eminently well worth seeing for aesthetic reasons. It has its defects: there are moments when it is sentimental; the distinction between the good and the evil is rather too simply drawn; and it is inevitably episodic in spite of the continuity provided by Paul Robeson's commentary. Nevertheless, the direction, the photography, and the acting make it as moving as anything I have seen for a long time. The creation of suspense is particularly well handled.

Suspense used to be Mr. Hitchcock's forte. But though he makes great efforts he conspicuously fails to achieve it in "Saboteur." The film tells the story of a young factory worker who is unjustly suspected of sabotage and who, instead of sensibly trying to clear himself and secure the arrest of the real culprit by telling his story to the police, sets out to catch him single-handed. This leads to a series of chases which carry the actors right across the United States. Sometimes the hero is shown chasing the villains; sometimes the villains chase the hero; sometimes both are being chased by the police; and at times the hero's girl is in on it too. It all ends at the Statue of Liberty, with the saboteur hurtling to his death. One scene, in which two of the gang of saboteurs who are driving in a car with the hero start singing a Tschaikowsky concerto, recalls the excellent Hitchcock of "The Thirty-nine Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes"; but as a whole the film is wild without being exciting. Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane as the hero and heroine do no more than perform their function of portraying ordinary people, and the best acting comes from the villains, especially Norman Lloyd.

"This Above All" is an inaccurate but still reverent version of Eric Knight's successful novel, with Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine in the leading parts. Both of them act well, though the part of a class-conscious Yorkshireman is not ideal for Mr. Power. The film is very long, for the most part very solemn, and rather boring. It does, however, succeed at times in recreating the atmosphere of England during the period of the raids; and it partly fulfils what was presumably the author's purpose of bringing to light some of the social issues which have been sharpened by the war.

P. H. RYE

MUSIC

WHAT it has meant for Marian Anderson's development as an artist to have a musician like Franz Rupp working with her during the past two seasons was revealed, at her May 10 Carnegie Hall recital, in her subtly inflected phrasing of Schubert's "Suleika" and of the concluding passage of his "Jüngling und der Tod"; and these were merely the outstanding examples of what was evident in everything she did. In addition the voice itself, which seemed to be better used, sounded better: there was no constriction, no forcing; there was, then, only as much power as could be achieved with ease; and if this was not enough for Schubert's "Allmacht" or for Carnegie Hall it was more agreeable to the ear. Not that the new ease restored to the voice what the former constriction and forcing had taken from it; but while the upper range lacked the richness and warmth that were to be heard in the lower range, it was clear, steady, free of the terrific tremolo of two years ago. One thing is clear: the reduced physical proportions of the singing and its new

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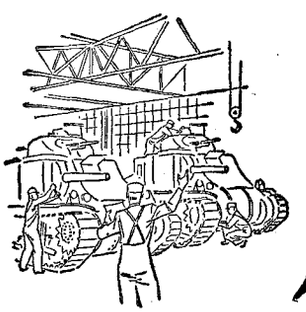

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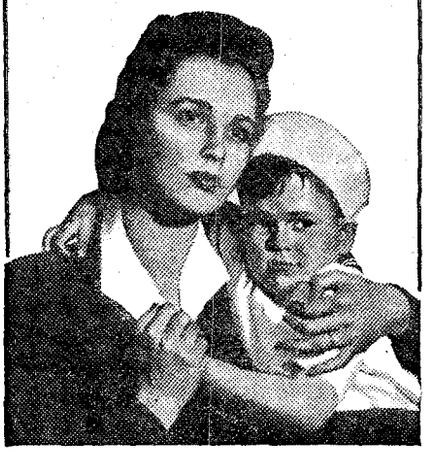

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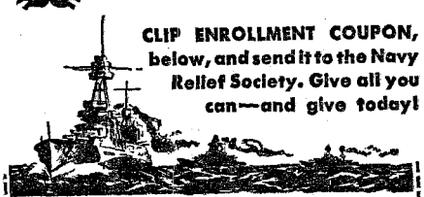

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musical subtlety call for the intimacy of a small hall and for programs of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf that Miss Anderson is now able to sing so beautifully.

Another thing that is clear is that Rupp, one of the finest musicians I know of, should not be heard only as an accompanist. A superb ensemble artist, he should be heard in chamber music; and his recital two years ago revealed a solo pianist who needed only the occasions for continued exercise of his capacities to become outstanding.

The first New York season of Eugene Loring's Dance Players was concerned almost entirely with Loring's own works. Two had already been seen: "Billy the Kid," originally produced by the Ballet Caravan and later presented by the Ballet Theater; and "City Portrait," also produced by the Ballet Caravan. To these were now added "Harlequin for President," which the Ballet Caravan had produced but—for good reasons, it turned out—had not brought to New York; and the new "Man from Midian" and "Prairie." In "Billy the Kid" Loring, Aaron Copland, and Jared French had created a masterpiece; in none of the others that I saw (I missed "Prairie") had Loring had as good collaborators, or had he himself been able to achieve anything like the strikingly original, witty, and touching choreography of "Billy." "City Portrait," to poor music by Henry Brant, had fine moments; but the humor of "Harlequin," to music of Scarlatti, was embarrassing; and what I saw of "The Man from Midian" was as bad in its serious way, with no discoverable relation to Stefan Wolpe's atrocious music.

Lew Christensen's "Jinx" had an interesting idea that was worked out ineffectively on the stage, with music by Benjamin Britten in which noisy facility covered pointlessness.

The two records of the 1933 Fletcher Henderson Orchestra in Decca's Gems of Jazz Volume 4 are worth getting: 18253 for Coleman Hawkins's fine solo in "It's the Talk of the Town," and good solos by Horace Henderson and Henry Allen in "Nagasaki"; 18254 for another and longer Hawkins solo in his most agitatedly florid and complex style in "I've Got to Sing a Torch Song." As for recent jazz records, Earl Hines does some of his brilliant and intricate playing against a large-band background in "The Earl" (Bluebird 11432); Louis Armstrong plays well against such a background in "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" (Decca 4140); the engaging Mel Powell and the Goodman trombonist make the Benny Goodman Orchestra's "A String of Pearls (Okeh 6590) enjoyable for half the side, up to the moment when Goodman himself begins to zigzag in imitation of the playing he used to do; and the Golden Gate Quartet sings "Didn't It Rain" and "He Never Said a Mumblin' Word" (Okeh 6529). And as for "King Joe" (Okeh 6475), a blues about Joe Louis written by Richard Wright, composed by Count Basie, and sung with the Basie Orchestra by Paul Robeson—I have been made uncomfortable by what I have felt to be the phonyness of this piece of synthetic folk-expression; and I have found that others were affected by it in the same way.

"The Jazz Record Book" (Smith & Durrell, $3.50) begins with a description of jazz and a history of its development; and in accordance with this historical progression it then lists recorded performances and the performers who recorded them, and gives descriptive and critical comment. The authors are Charles Edward Smith, Frederic Ramsey, Jr., William Russell, and Charles Payne Rogers, of whom Smith, Ramsey, and Russell were important members of the group who produced the book "Jazz Men," in which the nostalgia for the New Orleans brothels was heavy and the lyricism of expression unreadable. In the present book they are more sober, more factual, and more informative; but their minds and prose styles are cloudy; and for an account of the nature and development of jazz I would take Wilder Hobson's "American Jazz Music," the one first-rate piece of appreciative writing on the subject—as distinguished from Winthrop Sargeant's technical study of it—that I know.

The same cloudiness manifests itself in the second part of the book in undiscriminating inclusion and omission of recorded performances, in equally undiscriminating comments, and in ways of listing band personnels that often are difficult to follow and thus lessen the usefulness of what is to me the only valuable part of the book.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Conflict in Anderson

Dear Sirs: Permit me all respectfully to say that Sherwood Anderson's beautiful volume of "Memoirs," which Margaret Marshall finds "a chaos of impulse and feeling," "inert and shapeless," and "lacking the bones of thought," appears to me to be a very orderly book. I feel that while the style rambles and digresses, it does so in accordance with the author's intention, and that the formal arrangement of the material is methodical, contributing to the clear illustration of the subject and the force of its expression.

This subject, which is prefigured in the preface, is the conflict between the opportunist and the idealist comprised in the individuality of Sherwood Anderson. The one governed his early manhood and his business relations; the other asserted itself in the form of a sickness with his way of life and began gaining the upper hand as soon as he commenced writing. A morality developed within Anderson: the morality of the artist; a truthfulness to his feeling, a devotion to truth as expressed in art. For a time the two "personalities" ran in harness while Anderson allowed the opportunist to control the writing of the advertisements through which he made his living, the idealist his literary work. But business grew more and more distasteful; temporarily he was enabled to drop it entirely through the commercial success of his books. That success dwindled; there was a temptation to write for the market. But Anderson chose "not to sell out his inner life" and faced poverty in old age with equanimity.

That is his "success story": in itself it suggests that he felt a universal order and stability; for it presents an almost typical instance of the regular and recurrent emergence and entelechy of the artist. And the whole mass of the material pushes forward as to a climax to The Sound of the Stream—the chapter which at the conclusion of the fifth of the six "books" of the "Memoirs" recounts the event of the final decision "not to sell out." Against the background of the American hour and place and the family situation which sharpened Anderson's desire for material success, Book I exhibits the emergence of the two natures and foreshadows the "sickness" in Book II. Book II exhibits the temporary dominance of opportunism, the crucial moments which broke its hold—the crash of the marriage built on the opportunist self and the emergence of the artist's morality. A Robin's Egg Renaissance shows the temporary adjustment of the two selves; Book IV—the book of peregrinations—the efforts to escape entirely from business and the crash of another marriage. The final unity begins at the end of this book—harmony with environment, with a wife, and with art. What is most extraordinary of course is the wonderfully warm and tender feeling with which Anderson, as usual, expresses his subject: it makes me think of him as a sort of Schubert or Van Gogh of prose.

PAUL ROSENFELD

New York, May 15

"Total" War-Bond Buying

Dear Sirs: The general executive board of Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers recently voted unanimously to institute a 10 per cent industry-wide payroll-deduction plan for the purchase of $4,000,000 in war bonds annually by all of its 20,000 members. This plan will remain in effect for the duration of the war or as long as the national crisis continues.

In commenting on Local 3's action Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., business manager of the union, said: "If our government is to receive the billions of dollars which it requires to achieve victory over the Axis powers, there must be an end to haphazard, individual effort in the purchase of war bonds. This is war and all the people must participate in an orderly, organized manner. I hope that other unions and other industries will follow the action of Local 3."

Local 3 intends to use its influence in the labor movement to induce other unions to exert total effort in the purchase of war bonds.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON

New York, May 11

The Position of the A. C. L. U.

Dear Sirs: The letter-debate published recently in *The Nation* between James N. Rosenberg and Arthur Garfield Hays on the sedition prosecutions instituted by the Department of Justice has apparently created an impression that the American Civil Liberties Union is participating in the defense of the indicted men.

That is not the fact. No action whatever has been taken except to urge the Attorney General to adhere to the "clear and present danger" test laid down by the Supreme Court in World War I; and to raise the question whether the utterances of the particular crackpots (and others) indicted constitute any real danger to the conduct of the war. The Civil Liberties Union, in accordance with its customary procedure, will examine each indictment to determine whether any participation or protest is justified by the "clear and present danger" test.

Mr. Hays was arguing a general case, without committing the Union to any specific action. As Attorney General Biddle has stated, the responsibility of determining what utterances are seditious is "terrific"—for the American Civil Liberties Union as well as for the Department of Justice.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
Chairman, Board of Directors,
American Civil Liberties Union

New York, May 15

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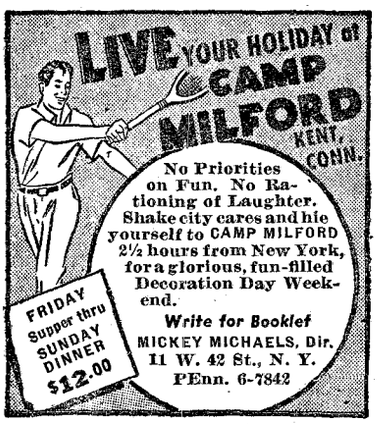
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